WAS I A FOOL TO FOLLOW HIM? The confession of a co-ed in love with a famous dance band leader

MAY

Radio Mirror

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

ROUGH COPY

LAND OF THE FREE
by Walter Winchell

HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND
by Beatrice Fairfax

MY ALL-AMERICAN RADIO TEAM
by Jimmie Fidler

ROUGH COPY

DOROTHY LAMOUR

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Younger Looking Skin Attracts Romance

ROMANCE beckons when your skin has the smooth softness men admire! Awaken Romance by revealing the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Mercolized Wax Cream helps to flake off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the clearer, softer, smoother, younger-looking underskin. And when the superficially discolored outer layer of skin is removed, taking with it all the heart-breaking, externally caused surface blemishes, your mirror will reveal the true YOU, the real, hidden beauty of your own skin, delightfully and alluringly lovely.

Let Mercolized Wax Cream help YOU, as it has helped millions of other women, to thrill to the Call of Romance.

Mercolized Wax Cream

Try These Three Beauty Aids, Too!

Saxolite Astringent
tones and refreshes the skin. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel, and pat on the skin several times daily.

Tarkroot Beauty Mask
is a quick-drying facial mask preparation you will really like. It helps to make the skin feel cleaner and more refreshed.

Phelactine Depilatory
removes superfluous hair easily, quickly. Try it!

Dearborn Supply Company, *Chicago, Illinois*

ASK FOR THESE HELPFUL BEAUTY AIDS TODAY AT ANY COSMETIC COUNTER

ROUGH COPY

Once the spell is broken tears won't bring him back!

No girl need risk losing romance — when MUM so surely guards charm!

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool ...there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh *all day*. More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It's so pleasant... so easy to use... so sure to guard your charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm —under that—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. With Mum, you're sure underarm odor won't break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you *always* fresh!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it's gentle and safe!

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Hat by Sally Victor

LUXOR "Feather-Cling" Face Powder has a *Light Touch!*

Your smartest Spring bonnet will lose its stylish effect if you couple it with a heavy face powder. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.

MAY, 1939 VOL. 12 NO. 1

Radio MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN, Executive Editor
FRED R. SAMMIS, Editor
BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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What do you want to say?

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00

Second Prize . . . . . $ 5.00

Five Prizes of . . . . . $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than April 26, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

FIRST PRIZE

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

At long last, a "different airshow!"

At last a program of short, snappy commercials.

At last a program that says "away with noisy, blase studio audiences!"

At last a natural, well-balanced show, yet not with a hodge-podge of clashing entertainment: this quarter-hour for comedy, this for drama, this for pathos—the last five minutes were as delightfully simple in nature and style as the first.

At last a program of wit and humor that uses gags as a sprinkling of spice, and not as the whole sickening meal.

I mean The Circle, of course.

I still don't believe it. I'm going to listen next Sunday night and make sure.

HARRY W. JONES,
Collingswood, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE

RADIO DOES ITS GOOD DEED

We are a nation of sometimes lax extremes. For a long while the gangster, racketeer and petty criminal —without interference—swayed the follow-the-leader emotions of our youngsters from movie screen, and magazine page.

Then came the reckoning. Crime gained an appalling headway. The nicest boys in the neighborhood were forming gangs; turning, despite their parents' efforts, into swaggering little hoodlums. Suddenly America took stock of herself, and began tearing down in a frenzy of self-reproach the mockery of manhood she had allowed thoughtless men erect.

The movies turned-about-face, but though they have done a fine job in rectifying a grave mistake, it is really the radio we must thank for such splendid character formers as—Wanted by the Law, and Gang Busters.

Taken from life these worth-while programs give credit where credit is due. To the man with the badge. The protector of lives, homes and property. More than all the preaching in the world have these programs taught eager little copy-cats that—Crime Does Not Pay.

MRS. E. F. LAURIN,
Astoria, Oregon

THIRD PRIZE

THEY'RE TWO-TIMING US

Why must program directors cast the same person in several leading roles? I'm referring to the program called, Road of Life, in which the young man who plays Dr. Brent also

(*Continued on page* 71)

SHE WAS ON THE JURY—

. . . . not to decide a man's innocence or guilt, but to judge a new, different kind of tooth paste—to decide whether or not it was an improvement over older types, and if it offered more for her money in cleanliness, luster, freshness, and mouth stimulation.

On the same jury sat other women, hundreds of them—grandmothers, mothers, widows, single women, young girls . . . rich, poor, in between . . . in tiny hamlets, growing villages, vast cities. A critical jury, as all women are in judging articles that affect their beauty and their pocketbooks.

And what was their verdict on the new Listerine Tooth Paste with its amazing Luster-Foam detergent? See how they voted:

Over a leading brand, the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two leading brands, it was a decided favorite. And over the fourth leading brand, it had a slight but definite edge.

Their comments show why this new dentifrice won such high favor: "Like that dainty 'bubble bath' that Luster-Foam gives," said many. "Simply amazed, the way Luster-Foam cleans and brings out luster," exclaimed others. "Delighted with the wonderful feeling of freshness and mouth invigoration that lasted long after the tooth brushing was over," still others added.

See for yourself how the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent gets teeth super-clean. Any drug counter has it, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢; and big, double-size, containing more than ¼ of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

P. S. If you prefer powder, Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam.

MORE THAN
1/4 POUND OF TOOTHPASTE
IN THE DOUBLE SIZE TUBE **40¢**
REGULAR SIZE TUBE
25¢

THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

Do Both Jobs!

AID YOUR GUMS WHILE YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH

DOUBLE-ACTION TOOTHPASTE AIDS GUMS AND BRIGHTENS TEETH

MASSAGING your gums *twice* every day—when you brush your teeth—is *very important* if you want brilliant teeth and a sparkling smile.

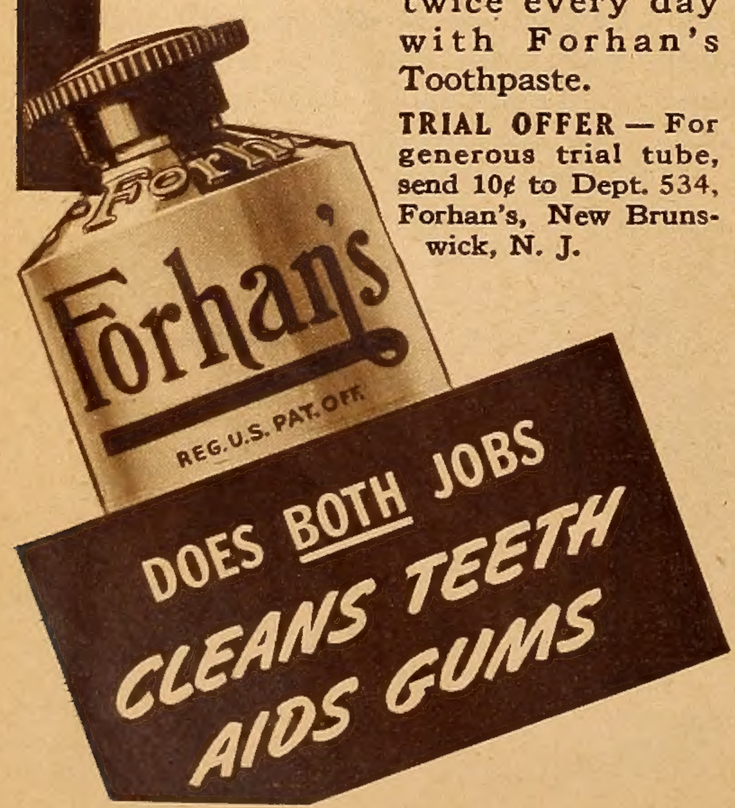
Forhan's does *both* jobs. It cleans your teeth safely and effectively—and, *in addition,* Forhan's and massage aid your gums.

Massaging gums with Forhan's helps keep them firm and healthy—*and healthier gums mean brighter teeth!*

Cooperate with Your Dentist

What your dentist can do for soft, tender, bleeding gums is worth many times his fee. But even his expert care can *fail*—if you *neglect* your job at home. To help your dentist keep your gums *firm* and *healthy*—your teeth *bright*—brush teeth and massage gums twice every day with Forhan's Toothpaste.

TRIAL OFFER — For generous trial tube, send 10¢ to Dept. 534, Forhan's, New Brunswick, N. J.



What's New from

By DAN SENSENEY

Above, Bing proudly poses with his dad, Harry L. Crosby, Sr. Right, one of Fred Waring's weekly luncheons at the Automat, with Ben Bernie as guest.

TYRONE POWER'S sudden departure from his Sunday-evening dramatic program was the dynamite cap that set off a whole flock of rumors about movie stars going off the air for good. Most of them were just rumors. The Maxwell House-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Good News of 1939 will depart on June 29, but it would probably have done that for the summer anyway. Ronald Colman, after being on every one of The Circle programs, suddenly was missing, but he left because he wasn't happy personally, not because of any pressure from his movie bosses (he's a free-lance player, and doesn't have any).

Darryl Zanuck, head of Twentieth Century-Fox, which has Don Ameche under contract (and Tyrone Power too), hinted that he might try to get Don to stop being master of ceremonies on the Chase and Sanborn program, but mature reflection will probably convince him that it would be an unwise move. It ought to, anyway.

The Good News program probably won't return to the air under its old joint sponsorship with M-G-M, but the Maxwell House people, if they want to, can have practically the same program without M-G-M's assistance. Meredith Willson's orchestra is under contract to them, so is Fannie Brice, and they could probably have Frank Morgan and a weekly guest star. There was some talk of hiring Dick Powell to be Good News' master of ceremonies, but that's died down now that he's busy on Al Jolson's former show. The possibility of reviving the old Show Boat also cropped up, but I wouldn't pay too much attention to it, if I were you.

* * *

Donald Dickson, the baritone on the Chase and Sanborn program, recently bought the first car he ever owned. He drove it down Hollywood Boulevard and within the space of one block went through a red traffic light, parked in a no-parking space, and drove over a pedestrian safety zone. In the next block he was arrested—for driving at the rate of twenty miles an hour and obstructing traffic. Crime Doesn't Pay!

* * *

Helen Menken, star of the CBS Second Husband serial, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by Phi Beta, national musical and dramatic fraternity. Other members of the fraternity are Helen Hayes, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Rosa Ponselle, Mary Pickford and Gertrude Lawrence—to name a few of them. Every six months or so the fraternity gives a banquet in honor of one of its members.

* * *

There is one question Jim McWilliams, questioner of the Ask-It-Basket Wednesday nights, can't answer. On broadcast nights he refuses to leave the theater during the interval between the first program at 7:30 and the rebroadcast for the West at 10:30. He's firmly convinced that to do so would bring him bad luck. Why does he think so? That's the one question to which he doesn't know the answer.

Coast to Coast

Bing Crosby added fire-fighting to his other accomplishments one Thursday afternoon when coals from his pipe started a fire in the waste-basket in his dressing room. The coals smouldered for a while without anyone noticing them, then flared up in what was almost an explosion when they hit some discarded movie film Bing had tossed into the basket. Bing and the two musicians who were in the room were so scared they instinctively ran out, but Bing recovered himself, went back into the smoke-filled room, grabbed a fire-extinguisher and made short work of the flames.

* * *

That same Mr. Crosby was recently named one of America's ten best-hatted men. He's the only person on his show who could possibly be given such a distinction—Ken Carpenter, John Scott Trotter, and Paul Taylor never wear hats, and Bob Burns doesn't even own one. Bing hardly ever takes his off.

* * *

Lew Lehr, Ben Bernie's and Fox Movietone's comedian, has said that "Monkeys is de cwaziest pipple!" so many times that zoo keepers all over the country wire him whenever they have taught their monkeys new tricks. But Lew doesn't own a single monkey.

* * *

Cliff Carpenter, of the CBS County Seat serial, says that there are five things he's never had enough of: symphonic music, prunes, tapioca, Myrna Loy, and radio work.

* * *

DALLAS—Violette Slaton started out to be a professional dietician, and ended up playing the role of "Sunshine" in WFAA's Pepper Cadets program. She's been Sunshine now for more than a year and a half.

Violette was born in Jacksonville, Texas, twenty years ago, in the midst of a violent snow storm (it wasn't snowing snow that day, it was snowing Violettes). She was named Violette Catherine because her mother wanted all members of the family to have the same initials as their father —V. C. S.

She has quite a collegiate background, having been a student at Lon Morris Junior College, Jacksonville; University of Texas, Austin; and Texas State College for Women at Denton. It was after her summer at Denton that she gave up dietetics for dramatics and came to Dallas to enroll in the Little Theater dramatic school. After six months at the dramatic school, she got a job in the cast of the "Cavalcade of Texas," part of the Texas Centennial Exposition of 1936.

Violette Slaton, "Sunshine" of the Pepper Cadets over WFAA.

She had to give up the Cavalcade role when she successfully auditioned for the part of Sunshine, but she didn't mind—she thought the radio job was more permanent, and she was right. Thousands of Southwestern youngsters wouldn't give up their beloved Sunshine now.

(*Continued on page* 84)

"No charm is more appealing than a fresh and Lovely Skin!"

says this lovely Philadelphia bride

I can't say enough in praise of Camay. Its gentle cleansing seems to freshen my complexion...and no charm is more appealing than a fresh and lovely skin.

Philadelphia, Pa.
January 10, 1939

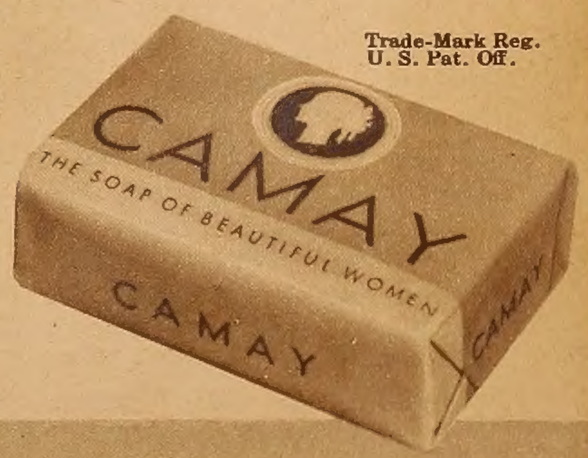
(*Signed*) RUTH ANN WALLEN
(*Mrs. Charles S. Wallen*)

SUCH magic words—"You're the only one I love!" What makes a man say them? Hundreds of lovely, happy brides will tell you that a fresh, smooth complexion is a most important charm. And brides should know!

So many beautiful brides advise Camay! They tell you, "No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather!" Camay cleanses *thoroughly,* yet its creamy lather is wonderfully *mild.*

Today, thousands of girls use Camay for complexions and for a refreshing bath of beauty. Camay's gentle cleansing helps you to *all-over* loveliness—to exquisite daintiness. *You'll* like this inexpensive care. Get three cakes today!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Dick Powell romps with his son before starting on the Lifebuoy show.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

Listen to Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual.

EDGAR BERGEN, still a decided bachelor, is getting a big chuckle out of rumors that he will marry Andrea Leeds within a year. The fact is that the girl Bergen is currently rushing is not Andrea Leeds, who happens to be in New York, but Kay St. Germain who happens to be on the scene and is seeing a lot of Charlie McCarthy's stooge.

* * *

Whether or not Gracie Allen and George Burns, the radio comedians, will continue their movie careers, is being left squarely up to the moviegoers. Gracie's contract with Paramount expires when she finishes "The Gracie Allen Murder Case." If the public receives her picture with open arms, then Paramount will make a series of Burns and Allen films. If not, then Gracie's contract will be terminated, for Burns has already left the studio contract list!

Last Sunday I lunched with Dorothy Lamour at the Brown Derby. Among other things, Dorothy told me that she is almost tempted to sue movie columnist Hedda Hopper . . . and all because Dorothy claims Hedda made some remark about her . . . an item which most people upon reading would laugh off. But it hurt Dorothy to think that anyone would print something of this kind without first calling her up and asking if the story were true. I suggested that Dorothy forget about suing the columnist, only because it would turn other reporters against her. There's a curious twist to the situation in that Dorothy's agent, Wyn Rocamora, is also Hedda Hopper's agent!

* * *

Now it can be told! Visitors on the Bob Hope program preview don't know it, but they are watching a radio show being written right before their very eyes! Hope, a master of the ad-lib, never reads directly from the script . . . he adds and cuts as the wisecracks occur to him. Meanwhile, the preview show is recorded and the next day, it is played back to a steno from whose notes the final NBC script is drafted.

* * *

SHORT SHOTS FROM A LONG SHOT TOWN!

Claudette Colbert and Jack Benny chumming arm in arm in the secret artists' corridor, but with Mary Livingstone on Jack's other arm.

Jack Smart, the 310 pound NBC comedian, shaking down Vine Street as he wins rhumba contest at the LaConga.

* * *

For several months Robert Young,

(*Continued on page 8*)

Listerine cured my daughter's dandruff in ten days

Writes MRS. ELEANOR HUNTER—Little Neck, N.Y.

Posed by professional models

My teen age daughter had dandruff so badly that it was extremely disagreeable

I spent weeks trying to get rid of it; came to the conclusion nothing would do it

then in a magazine I saw an ad telling how Listerine cures dandruff.

I read about the amazing scientific tests that proved Listerine kills the dandruff germ

I tried Listerine, applying it daily to her scalp with little bits of cotton.

In ten days the condition was entirely cleared up. And she hasn't had a sign of dandruff since.

Here's why the Listerine Treatment works: Dandruff is a germ disease . . . Listerine Antiseptic kills the germ

Do conflicting claims of dandruff remedies bewilder you? Then you will be glad to know there is one logical, scientifically sound treatment, proved again and again in laboratory and clinic . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Recently, in the most intensive research of its kind ever undertaken, Scientists proved that *dandruff is a germ disease.* And, in test after test, Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, mastered dandruff by killing the queer, bottle-shaped dandruff germ —Pityrosporum ovale.

At one famous skin clinic patients were instructed to use the Listerine Antiseptic treatment once a day. Within *two weeks,* on the average, a substantial number had obtained marked relief! At another clinic, patients were told to use this same Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. By the end of a month 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

Try the delightful, stimulating Listerine Antiseptic treatment today. See for yourself how wonderfully soothing it is . . . how quickly it rids hair and scalp of ugly scales . . . how much cleaner and healthier both scalp and hair appear.

And remember, even after you have rid yourself of dandruff, it is wise to massage your scalp occasionally with Listerine Antiseptic to guard against reinfection. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE

the *PROVED* treatment for dandruff

A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent*. This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains *no paper*. Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse"

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED, MWG-59
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Send introductory package with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins). Size is checked below.

☐ TAMPAX ☐ JUNIOR TAMPAX

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 6*)

the emcee of the Good News broadcasts, did all his office work in connection with the Bel-Air stable he operates with Allan Jones in Allan's trailer. Producers of the programs, unable to reach Bob when they wanted him in a hurry, begged, cajoled and threatened Young to move into an office with a foundation instead of rubber tires. Finally Bob gave in, and gave the producers a telephone number for his office. The next time they called him, the pleasant voice of his secretary answered: "This is Mr. Young's trailer!" Bob had the telephone installed in the trailer rather than give up his portable place of business.

* * *

The American Legion has honored comedian Bob Hope by inviting him to emcee its annual radio show, which this year celebrates the twenty-first anniversary of the founding of the Legion. Jack Benny was honorary emcee on last year's show!

* * *

Parkyakarkus has discovered that there's truth in the old axiom about every cloud having its silver lining. Last week, when he gave his own number out on the air as Hedy Lamarr's, he was forced to switch his phone because of the number of calls that came in. Compensation came to him this week in the form of a note and a little toy telephone from the gorgeous Hedy.

* * *

Wanta' be a radio comedian, asks Jack Haley? If you do, copy the screwy dialect of Arty Auerbach, heard on Jack's show, which means, according to Haley, "Taking a course in double-talk, filling your mouth with marbles, and making believe you're addressing a six-months-old child!"

* * *

When proud papa Andy Devine walked onto the set of "Spirit of Culver" the other day, he was not only greeted with loud cheers . . . but General Gignilliat, the headman at the famous Military School, who is acting as technical advisor on the picture, immediately offered the gravel-voiced comedian an enrollment blank for the school, which Andy signed then and there, thereby agreeing to place young 24-hour-old Denny Devine in the school when he reaches the age of eleven.

* * *

That feud between W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy is the real thing . . . at least as far as Fields is concerned. The red-nosed comedian actually carries a chip on his shoulder for the block of wood!

* * *

Andrew Jergens, Walter Winchell's hand-lotion boss, told me last November that next to Winchell, Tyrone Power was collecting the largest salary ever paid a performer by his company. Tyrone was receiving $4,000 a week for his radio appearances, and giving half of that to 20th Century-Fox for permitting him to go on the air. And here's the kick to this story. 20th Century-Fox was paying Tyrone $2,000 a week on his film contract—the exact amount Power paid Fox for allowing him to broadcast. So, ever since Tyrone has been on the air, he has cost the Fox studio nothing! Now that Ty's off the air, his boss will have to dig into his studio's bank-roll to pay Tyrone.

* * *

Orchestra-leader Herbie Kaye dedicates at least one song on every one of his air programs to "Dolly-Face," which is Herbie's pet name for his wife, Dorothy Lamour. As Herbie and Dorothy have turned song-writers lately, I would suggest that "Dolly Face" wouldn't be a bad title for a song!

* * *

The feature of a recent Hollywood party was a magician named Fraxon. The assembled guests laughed when the trickster pulled lighted cigarettes out of Edward Arnold's eyes and Alice Faye's ears, but they ROARED when he produced a whole carton of cigarettes from . . . Martha Raye's mouth!

* * *

At 16 Jackie Cooper has apparently grown up. For the past year he's been driving about in the most dolled up, swankiest car in town, but his father made him a Christmas present of a very dignified plain stock model, and Jackie has sold the highly decorated sport job to the family butler!

* * *

I was fascinated the other night, watching Charlie Chaplin dance a tango. The screen's greatest comedian takes his dancing very seriously, and particularly his tangoes. Charlie and lovely Paulette Goddard danced what was practically an exhibition at one of the night-spots, for everyone else left the floor to watch the famous pair execute the different steps with the assurance of experts. It was really SOMETHING to see!

* * *

Jeanette MacDonald is proudly exhibiting the most utilitarian piece of jewelry she has ever owned. It is a necklace from which a brooch is suspended. The brooch can be used separately as a clip. The necklace, unjointed, makes three pieces which can be put together again as a three-strand bracelet. Thus the versatile necklace can be used on any occasion from sports to evening wear.

* * *

While on his New York trip Dick Powell was invited to the very swank and very formal opening of Bee Lillie's latest Broadway hit. Dick accepted, and on the night of the premiere, dressed his snazziest for the occasion. That is, he was completely attired in full dress, until he came to his shoes—and discovered that his wife had forgotten to pack his black pumps or any other black shoes, for that matter. Exasperated and completely baffled, Dick decided to brazen the matter out and wear his *brown* shoes with his dress suit. To make matters worse, believe it or not, Powell had to wear a *tan* hat . . . the only hat he had taken with him!

* * *

The younger set in the film capital

is all a-twitter over the news that Artie Shaw's sensational swingsters may soon sound off in Hollywood's Palomar nitery.

* * *

Some time ago I said that Bette Davis and Ham Nelson would bury the hatchet and go back together again. Bette and Ham, who were really very much in love, are apparently still stubborn, but their friends are trying to bring them back together. I am told Ham has not had a date since leaving Bette, and for this reason she has turned down all dates with Hollywood men.

* * *

One of the principal supporting roles in Bing Crosby's new picture, "East Side of Heaven", is being played by ten-month-old Sandy Henville, infant son of Bing's milkman. When the baby was first brought on the set, he started crying, and nothing his parents or anyone else could do would stop him. Finally Crosby, in desperation, started singing, and immediately the tot stopped crying, and started to coo and gurgle, perfectly content. But as soon as the singing stopped, the tears started, so Bing had to sing all the time the baby was on stage, between takes and all. Later, Bing brought a portable phonograph on the set with him, well supplied with the latest Crosby recordings. So now the records keep the baby quiet between takes, while Bing's own voice soothes him while he is before the camera. But it's a lucky thing the baby liked those records, for imagine the expense if after the picture is finished, that poor milkman had to hire Bing Crosby every time his baby started to cry!

Meet Eddie Anderson, who portrays Jack Benny's good man, "Rochester."

* * *

BULLETIN! Mickey Mouse has finally gone high-hat, but definitely! Producer Walt Disney has signed Leopold Stokowski, the world-famous symphony orchestra leader, to direct and supervise recording of all the music for Disney's next full-length cartoon feature. Although the recording will start in April, the feature will probably take at least two years to complete!

* * *

Truman Bradley, Chicago radio announcer who was brought to Hollywood personally by Louis B. Mayer, has asked for a release from his contract. Bradley, whose last picture was "Ice Follies," with Joan Crawford, feels that he has been getting the run-around.

* * *

According to Walter Winchell, Lew Ayres' marriage with Ginger Rogers may go to the divorce courts as Lew wishes to marry radio actress, Margaret McKay. But, for your information, the chances of this are so slim, you can bet a hundred to one that it won't happen. In fact, his most recent companion has been Sari Maritza . . . and NOT Margaret McKay!

* * *

George Murphy, who is playing the part of a radio commentator in a picture called "Risky Business", told me that he was working harder than ever in his whole life. Says George, "Being master of ceremonies on a radio show, dancing and acting are just duck soup to me. But being a radio commentator? You can *have* it! It's just a little *too* tough!

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Joan Crawford may re-marry former husband Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. In baseball, they would call that a triple play . . . Fairbanks to Tone to Fairbanks!

FAMOUS POWDER BASE NOW BRINGS EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" TO YOUR SKIN*

Members of British aristocracy, like women everywhere, have long praised Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now it contains the "skin-vitamin," they're even more enthusiastic about this grand powder base. Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Use before powder and overnight. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

The Lady Patricia French

daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis.

HERE is Americanism at its best! Something more inspiring and more important than the latest news is in every one of Walter Winchell's Sunday-night Jergens Journal broadcasts on NBC—a brief "editorial" reminding Mr. and Mrs. America how supremely lucky they are not to be Mr. and Mrs. Anywhere-else.

Because these lessons in democracy are among the most thrilling things radio has to offer in these chaotic days, and because they should be read and re-read by every American, RADIO MIRROR *is grateful to Walter Winchell for his permission to bring them to you, on the printed page for the first time.*

By Walter Winchell

No more impassioned words for America's slumbering ideals have been spoken into any microphone. This magazine is proud to record them for posterity

LAND OF THE FREE

PATRIOTISM has been described in many ways —but it is better defined by defining what it is not! It does *not* mean marching in a parade, or setting off rockets on the Fourth of July. It does not mean beating a bass drum—and then beating up your neighbor because he doesn't want to join your parade. Patriotism does not mean enjoying your freedom to go as you please—to batter down your neighbor's door.

It is a magic word. For patriotism—some men die. And for patriotism—some men (no less noble) live. Patriotism is more than protecting your home and country. It is helping to build—and better it! And it is the theory of Democracy that to produce a great National design, each man must be his own architect. Fate and the future will define the meaning of patriotism in America. If we are left alone—the measure will be how much we develop ourselves. If we are attacked, the final measure will be the price we put on our liberty.

* * *

I am thankful to learn from one of my betters that Americans would rather die on their feet—than live on their knees!

* * *

Personal liberty means personal responsibility. Under a Dictator, the right to think is suspended in all individuals, except the ruling gang. In a Democracy, the government depends on the individual to think—for the individual is a part of the Government. The Dictators have brazenly announced plans to turn Europe into an armed camp. Since they must know that the Democratic nations can outbuild their (*Continued on page* 56)

Illustration By
JOSEPH TESAR

Foolish Fancy.

■ Randy was smiling at me. He had a microphone in his hand, and he was speaking into it.

UNTIL the hot summer night Randy Blake's orchestra opened at the huge Shalimar Ballroom, I was just like any other girl you'd find in a big co-educational university. I had my classes, my dates with different boys of my own age, my own private little worries over clothes and fingernail polish and hair-combs, my favorite movie and radio stars.

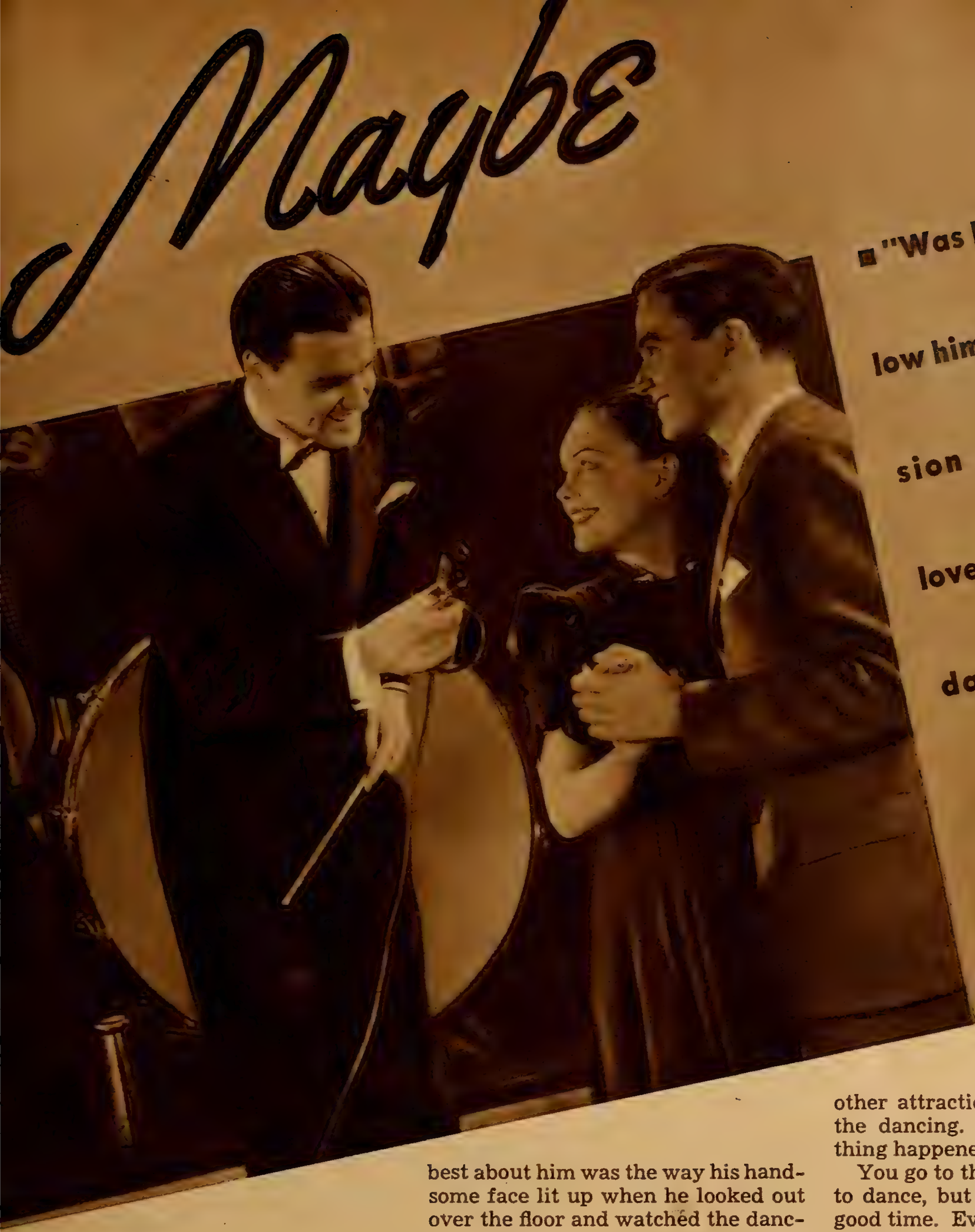
But when I first saw Randy Blake something happened to me. I didn't know it then, but that night was a turning-point in my life.

It was summer, as I said, and I was spending my vacation working in a music store in Chicago. Not because I wanted to, but simply because my father and mother couldn't afford to bring me all the way home to California, where we lived. It really would have been better, I suppose, if I'd gone to a college near my home, but Northwestern was the only one with all the courses I wanted.

I had a good time, though, that summer. I enjoyed my work in the music store, because I like music and know a good deal about it, and in the evenings there was always something to do. Several of the boys I had met on the campus lived in Chicago, and one of them was often on hand to take me to the movies or out dancing.

Then Randy Blake opened a month's engagement at the Shalimar, and Bill Dodd and I went there the

Maybe



Macfadden Studios

"Was I a fool to follow him?" The confession of a co-ed in love with a famous danceband leader

first night. This was a special occasion, and we were both breathless with excitement when we entered the vast hall and heard the first strains of Randy's music. That was all we had to hear, to know why Randy was tops among swing bandleaders. That music of his was so gay, so full of life and youth, that you felt like dancing until you dropped. Only you wouldn't ever drop—the music wouldn't let you.

AND Randy himself — well, I thought, looking at him for the first time, he was just perfect. The music seemed to be part of him—or he was part of the music, I don't know which. He was tall and broad-shouldered, like an athlete, and he wore his white tie and tails as if he'd been born in them. But what I liked best about him was the way his handsome face lit up when he looked out over the floor and watched the dancing couples. He just loved to make music, that man, and you only had to look at him to know it.

That night, after I got home and went to bed, my dreams were full of Randy Blake and the tantalizing music he created. And the next morning as soon as I got a chance, I put one of his records on a phonograph in the store, and listened, seeing him once more, standing in front of his men, smiling out at the floor, or picking up his trumpet and swinging into one of those inspired impromptu choruses of his.

That night I had a date with another boy to go to the movies, but I asked him to take me dancing instead.

For a week or so, while I eagerly snatched at every opportunity of going to the Shalimar, I refused to let myself believe that there was any other attraction than the music and the dancing. But one night something happened that opened my eyes.

You go to the Shalimar, first of all, to dance, but you also go to have a good time. Everything is very informal there, and the bandleaders and the management are always thinking up a new stunt to entertain the crowd. Randy's contribution to this spirit of fun was to have a sort of "Vox Pop" program every Tuesday and Thursday night, while the band was on the air over a coast-to-coast network. He'd stop couples as they danced past the bandstand, ask them their names, and conduct a humorous little interview with each one.

And one night he picked me to talk to.

I was dancing with Bill Dodd, when a uniformed page-boy tapped Bill on the shoulder and motioned us closer to the platform. I hardly realized what was happening, when I saw Randy smiling at me in the friendliest possible way. He had a microphone in his hand, and I heard him speaking into it.

"Here's a charming little lady with big brown eyes, whose name is. . . ." He paused inquiringly.

"Rita Sullivan," I managed to gasp.

"Rita—it goes with the eyes," he commented approvingly. "Are you a Chicago girl, Rita?"

He held the microphone closer to me, and waited for my answer.

"No," I said, "I'm from California. I'm going to school at Northwestern."

"Oh, a co-ed," he said. "No wonder Northwestern is such a popular place, if they have many like you there. Now tell me, Rita, what's your greatest ambition?"

I SIMPLY looked at him. At that moment, I didn't even *have* an ambition of any sort. I was too overwhelmed at being there, talking to him, knowing that my voice was going out into every corner of the country. He saw my nervousness, and smiled at me in an intimate, friendly way, as if telling me not to mind, nothing was going to happen to me.

"I mean," he said, "what would you like to do more than anything else in the world?"

I *had* to say something. I looked around me in a panic. My eyes lighted on the men of the orchestra, and I blurted out the first thing that came into my mind.

"I'd like to be a singer with your band," I said.

Randy led the laughter that sprang up around me. He straightened up, speaking into the microphone, "Well, Rita, maybe some day you will be—who knows?" And my coast-to-coast interview was over.

As we danced away, Bill said curiously, "I didn't know you wanted to be a danceband vocalist, Rita."

"I don't," I admitted. "At least—it would be fun, of course, but I never thought of it until that minute. I just said the first thing that popped into my head."

He laughed and said carelessly, "Well, you probably could be, at that. I'll never forget your scat-singing at the Phi-Pi party last spring."

But I wasn't kidding myself about my singing voice. I could carry a tune, and I had a good sense of rhythm so that at parties I could "swing out", but I knew my voice was husky and nothing to get excited about. Anyway, I wasn't interested in singing. Standing there, so close to Randy, seeing him smile as he looked into my eyes, listening to his vibrant voice as he talked to me—I had suddenly realized I was in love with him.

I knew then why I came to the dance hall every night I could; I knew why I'd stopped thinking about any of the boys who took me out, except to wonder how I could get one of them to take me to see Randy.

It was just that I loved Randy Blake. And he didn't even know I existed. He'd forgotten about me, surely, as soon as I danced out of sight after the interview.

The all-too-brief month of Randy's engagement drew to a close. Almost before I realized it, he was in his last week, then his last night. When I entered the ballroom, that last night, they'd already taken down the framed posters at the entrance, and the newspapers were announcing his successor in big ads.

In another few hours he'd be gone.

"Tomorrow Randy Blake would be gone—and my life would be empty and dull. A fascinating yet terrifying thought crept into my mind. What if I went with him?"

I already knew the band's plans—it was traveling in a bus to Detroit for a hotel engagement. And Chicago would be empty and dead, for me, tomorrow.

"What's the matter?" asked the boy I was with. "You haven't said a word for ages."

"Oh—just tired, I guess."

"Want to go home?"

"Oh, no!" I said with such vigor that he stared at me. "I'm really having a good time."

That wasn't strictly true. I wasn't. I couldn't. I was too busy thinking that this was the last time I'd ever see Randy Blake—at least for an awfully long time. Why hadn't I taken advantage of the last month to get to know him? There must have been some way I could have met him . . . But now it was too late.

It was two-thirty when I opened the door of my little furnished room and switched on the light. I dragged the hat off my head and sat down on the edge of the bed and looked around me. If only, I thought, I could be in the same city with him, dance to his music, see him every night. That was all I asked. Wasn't it little enough?

I don't know how long I sat there, thinking. Slowly an idea took form in my mind—an idea that fascinated me while it terrified me. I opened my purse and counted the money in it. It was Saturday and I'd just been paid. I had a little over twenty dollars—and about seventy-five in the bank.

Suddenly I jumped to my feet, dragged a bag from under the bed, and packed it hurriedly. I couldn't stop to think now—I mustn't consider the consequences. I sat down and wrote a note to the music store. Then I hurried out of the house, lugging the heavy bag the two blocks to the elevated station.

The big bus depot was quiet under its bright lights when I got there. A few people sat drowsily on the hard benches. I ran to the ticket window.

"When is the next bus to Detroit?" I asked.

"None until five-thirty," the bored clerk said.

I looked up at the big clock on the wall. It was three-forty-five. I bought a ticket, and then went to sit on one of the benches. As the minutes ticked on, I tried to beat down the mounting panic as I thought of the foolhardiness of what I was doing. Right then, I really wanted to go home—but pride and intense longing to see Randy again kept me from it.

At last it was five-thirty, and I was in the bus, peering out as it made its way through the streets, dim and deserted in the early light. Then we were in the open country, and finally I slept.

The sleep was uneven and unrefreshing, though, and when I arrived in Detroit, the middle of that afternoon, I was so tired I felt as if I were walking in a dream. I applied to the Travelers' Aid for help in finding an inexpensive room, went there extravagantly in a cab, and fell straight into bed.

It was the next morning when I woke up, and then the full realization of what I had done burst upon me. Lying in the hard single bed, looking around at the strange furniture, I told myself that I was crazy. But, strangely, I wasn't downhearted. Something nice would happen to me. I could feel it.

I'm not going into detail about the next few days. Randy Blake's orchestra was in Detroit, and had started its engagement—but I might as well have been in Chicago, for all I saw of Randy. They were playing in an expensive hotel dinner-and-supper spot, (*Continued on page* 78)

AS BROADCAST ON NBC By BEATRICE FAIRFAX (In an interview with Rudy Vallee on the Royal Gelatin Hour)

Illustration by James Trembath

HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND

VALLEE: It takes all kinds of people to make a country like this—the well-known U. S. A. So now we turn our attention to a thoroughly American institution, the advice-to-the-lovelorn column, as represented by the Dean of romantic advisors, Miss Beatrice Fairfax. Until just recently we shared a pretty general notion that Beatrice Fairfax was no more than a name, behind which probably lurked a series of cynical old ex-reporters with tobacco juice on their chins. Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, this is a mistake. Miss Fairfax is one of the realest people I ever met—a gay, hearty, charming person with a background of wide experience in newspaper work and a good-humored, fundamentally sensible approach to the problems she does her honest best to solve for other people. We think you'll share our liking for Miss Beatrice Fairfax. . . . Miss Fairfax, how long have you been acting as a public consultant in affairs of the heart?

MISS FAIRFAX: For thirty-eight years, Mr. Vallee. And if you value your attractive features, don't ask me how old I was when I started.

VALLEE: How did you happen to start your column? Was it your own idea?

MISS FAIRFAX: It certainly was. I was working for the New York Journal at the time. And it was quite a time, let me tell you. Mr. Hearst and Mr. Pulitzer were fighting their historic circulation war. The late Arthur Brisbane, my editor, asked for circulation building features. My suggestion was the advice column. It worked out pretty well for the Journal—and for me, too.

VALLEE: I'm afraid curiosity is getting the better of me, Miss Fairfax—but are you . . .?

MISS FAIRFAX: Married? Of course I am. I've got two fine grown-up sons in Washington—one Republican, and one Democrat. I'm the umpire.

VALLEE: And a good one, I'm sure.

MISS FAIRFAX: I think so. I'm rather proud, Mr. Vallee, that over a million people have sought my decisions on problems that appear to be vital to them. Not just romantic young girls. (*Continued on page 87*)

Jimmie Fidler's ALL-AMERICAN

As told to

EDITOR'S NOTE: *When we heard Jimmie pick his favorite pictures and top acting performances over the air a few weeks ago, we suddenly got an idea: why not have him stick his neck out again—and give us his favorite radio stars? Frankly, he surprised us by accepting the deal by return mail—but then, after all his scorching "Open Letters," we should have known he was used to ducking by now. Anyway, with a few straight-from-the-shoulder comments on programs in general—here's the way Jimmie picks his All-American Radio Team!*

EVEN if the season for picking "All-Americans" did go out with the football game in the Rose Bowl, show me the man who can resist making up a list of favorite players (whether movie, radio or gridiron) and I'll show you a stronger man than I am.

I love to call them as I see them—or, in this case, maybe I should say call them as I hear them when I'm home listening to the radio just as you do. And I *do* mean you! Because I listen to radio shows just as I look at movies—as a fan. I don't care how many Big Names are in the cast or how much money has been

■ Reading counter-clockwise, Frances Langford, Fred Allen, Jeanette MacDonald, Walter Winchell, H. V. Kaltenborn, Charlie McCarthy, Edgar Bergen, Gracie Allen, Don Ameche and Bing Crosby.

RADIO TEAM ★★★★

■ By special request of the editors—Hollywood's dynamic reporter sticks his neck out and names his own selections for radio's Hall of Fame

Walter Ramsey

spent on a lavish production. If the net result doesn't entertain me as Joe E. Public I feel cheated. So let's remember that this is no so-called "expert's" list—just a few out-spoken opinions from a guy who listens.

First, however, I want to get a few things-in-general off my chest. Looking back over 1938, I find I have but few peeves to register—and a flock of bouquets to throw. But my chief objection as a listener is that too many of the Big Shows, are too much like some other Big Show. If I were writing an "Open Letter" to radio producers spending gobs of money for sponsors, I'd be brief and to the point: "Try to find a new pattern—something different from the justly-famous Chase-and-Sanborn Hour arrangement with its band, comedians, singer and guest star!"

Also, I'm getting awfully weary of Guest Movie Stars on the air. (I'm not talking about legitimate radio stars who are also in the movies.) But it seems to me that every time I turn the dial lately, Madeleine Carroll is just bowing off some program—or being announced as a guest star for a coming show.

But there are plenty of things I like about

■ The radio stars pictured on these pages are just part of Jimmie's team. To learn why he selected these and many others, and second choices and substitutes, read this provocative article.

the radio—and the following, are the people and things I like best and why. Taking them by classifications, the first-mentioned shall be considered as making my "First Team"—with second choice following. And because I like to laugh with my radio entertainments, we'll start with:

COMEDIANS: Fred Allen and Jack Benny rate one-two with me. For my money, Fred Allen has the freshest, most spontaneous fun on the air. His "ad lib" humor is terrific. He gets first-call in my starting line-up because he's *always* tops. Jack Benny, my second choice, has great "timing" and is a past master at writing "mistakes" into a show. Maybe the main reason I'm not putting him at the head of the list is that he gives the other members of the cast—Andy Devine, Mary Livingstone, Rochester, Don Wilson and Kenny Baker—a chance to get laughs, too.

COMEDIENNES: Gracie Allen and Fanny Brice in the order named. I start laughing even before Gracie pulls her joke—because, to me, her voice is almost as funny as anything she could say. I've always been sort of partial to nit-wits, anyway. Fanny Brice is original. Her "Baby Snooks" is a brand-new type of humor brought to radio.

STOOGES: George Burns and Hanley Stafford. My favorites, you see, are the stooges who work with my top-choice comediennes—and I've often thought the reason I like Gracie and Fanny so much is because of George and Hanley (who plays the "father" to Snooks). Most of us, I think, are apt to forget, in laughing at Gracie and Fanny, that without these two gentlemen who build up and plant their gags so expertly—the girls might not be nearly so funny.

DRAMATIC ACTOR: Head-and-shoulders above all the rest is Don Ameche! Don can play every type of dramatic role with equal ease and equal brilliance. For an alternate, I'll take Edward G. Robinson. He's one of the few real movie stars with a radio "presence". His voice is distinctive—and he was smart enough to create a *constructive* character for the air, instead of taking the easy road and doing an air-gangster.

DRAMATIC ACTRESS: Claire Trevor, to me, is top-call—for her work in the "Big Town" playlets. Like Eddie Robinson, Claire's voice is distinctive and recognizable whether she appears on stage, screen or radio. Kathleen Wilson of "One Man's Family" rates second honors because she gets so much romance into her voice.

MALE SINGER (Classical): John Charles Thomas and Nelson Eddy. Thomas first, because of the great vocal warmth he manages to get into his songs. Nelson Eddy has a fine voice, technically—and I like to listen to him second-best despite the fact that he makes few concessions to please. I always feel that I'm getting Nelson's magnificent voice—but that he's withholding his heart.

MALE SINGER (Popular): Bing Crosby! Is there anyone in the world who can disagree? Well, I could listen to Bing all night. He has a unique way of putting a song over that never fails to make *any* tune sound better. Kenny Baker gives Bing the closest run for honors, though I think Kenny sometimes confuses the listeners by switching too quickly from insane comedy to lilting love songs.

FEMALE SINGER: (Classical): Jeanette MacDonald first—because she is never ritzie or condescending about her voice. By trying to please all types of music lovers—singing everything from opera to light musical comedy numbers—she ranks tops as a singing entertainer. For almost identical reasons, I must place Gladys Swarthout second. Never does she seem to be "singing down" to the audience.

FEMALE SINGER (Popular): Frances Langford, who has more sex appeal in her voice than any other gal on the air. But she isn't just another gal-crooner—she really has a voice.

DANCE BAND LEADER: Hold on to your hats, fellas—here I go again! Knowing that the country is "swing" daffy, I still put John Scott Trotter on top. Trotter, as you know, plays the accompaniment for Crosby. Of course, Benny Goodman is the greatest master of swing in the world—but unfortunately, I'm one of those unenlightened few who are waiting for things to slow down.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: Bing Crosby again! Try as I will to keep from having one contestant playing two "positions"—I can't find a more ingratiating M. C. than Bing. Informality, something I like, is the keynote to his microphone personality. Second, give me John Barrymore! There is a man who seems equally at home in every medium—and of them all, I think he does just about his best job on radio.

NEWS BROADCASTER: Right on top is Walter Winchell. Lowell Thomas for the second squad. Winchell has fire, personality and an electric delivery that makes everything he says important. Too, he has opinions—and he doesn't hesitate to mention them. Lowell Thomas is outstanding for his analytical comments on world-wide affairs in the news.

MALE COMMENTATOR: The great Kaltenborn! There's the only radio star who ever kept me up all hours of the night—for fear I'd miss a single word of his comment on the threat of war in Europe recently. In my opinion, Kaltenborn did more than anyone ever did to make this country radio-conscious. Boake Carter is another firebrand—and he gets second place.

FEMALE COMMENTATOR: Dorothy Thompson has the field to herself as far as I'm concerned. She has one of the few feminine talking voices that I can really enjoy for fifteen, uninterrupted minutes. She has a way of making everything, from world affairs to the trend of women's hats as interesting to men as to women.

SPORTS REPORTER: Ted Husing still gets the five-bell call—when he's calling my football games and such. Second palm goes to Bill Stern. Alert, careful and always interesting—Bill can make a game of football a real, bang-up afternoon.

ANNOUNCER: Good old Bill Hay! That guy can make soup and beans sound so good that I'm tempted even though I've just finished a chicken dinner. Second, and it was close to a toss-up, believe me, comes Don Wilson. He's got a smile in his voice that makes the "six-delicious flavors" a thing of beauty.

NOVELTY ACTS: Do I have to go any further than Edgar Bergen and his not-so-dumb-dummy, Charlie McCarthy? A whole nation can't be wrong. Second, give me Judy Canova and her gang.

MALE MOVIE GUEST STAR: All my blue chips go to Herbert Marshall for the sincerity and modulation of his magnificent voice.

FEMALE MOVIE GUEST STAR: Bette Davis, unquestionably. Her great performance on the Texaco hour—the first dual role I'd ever heard on radio—was the finest I've ever listened to. What a marvelous team Bette and Herb Marshall would make!

There you have it—the outstanding radio team of 1938 as I tuned in on them. If I've stepped on anyone's toes—or left off any of your favorites—I'm sorry. But I haven't heard them all. Sometimes it's because of a golf date. Generally though, it's because your favorite is coming on the air just about the time I'm sweating and fuming in the last-minute rush of rehearsals before my own show. Just before I tune up to say: "This is Jimmie Fidler in Hollywood, California—where people who dare to make *Lists* may not get any Christmas presents next year!"

I WILL LIVE

by Charles Gilchrest

THIS is a story about courage. Not the kind that sends people into Africa to shoot lions; not even the kind that sends a soldier over the top. No, this is a different brand of bravery altogether, possessed by all too few people. For Barbara Luddy's courage is the sort that gave her the power to defy an invisible but ever-present doom, to face the world smiling and untroubled, against tremendous odds, while in every waking moment she was wondering when tragedy would strike.

It was even part of that courage to keep this story a secret until now. Only one person, besides Barbara herself, has known it until recently. It had to be a secret. Telling it would have meant surrender.

Watch Barbara Luddy as she stands at the microphone, any Friday evening, broadcasting the leading lady's role in the First Nighter series. She will seem to you a supremely happy person. She has youth, a warm kind of beauty, success and fame in her exciting and glamorous profession. She is supple and erect, her skin blooms with health, her laughter is vibrant and strong. Surely, a person that anyone might envy.

But on March 1, 1932—a date that she will never forget—a specialist told her that she would be a hopeless cripple in seven years.

Today, on warm spring mornings, you'll see her riding horse-back in the Park; earlier in the winter, while it was still cold, she was learning ice-skating.

In a wheel-chair indeed! The

(*Continued on page* 76)

■ Barbara Luddy, as she is today—the star of Campana's First Nighter series, heard on CBS every Friday evening; and, in the inset, at the age of four, soon before she had to become the sole support of her family.

■ A secret that had to be kept, a danger that was ever-present—not even these challenges to her indomitable courage could keep Barbara Luddy from happiness!

A Radio Mirror double feature! See next page for one of Barbara Luddy's First Nighter broadcasts in gay fiction form.

"Steve—don't, please!" cried Jane, clutching desperately at his arm.

Out of the fog

Cupid is often down but never out, though he had to use a battered old tug boat to win his battle with Jane and Steve—they were that stubborn about love!

Illustration by C. C. Beall

ANY girl would have hated it. It's bad enough to find yourself co-owner of a tug boat with a man you hardly know, but to be forced to share its cramped quarters with him, when you hate and despise him into the bargain—*that* is an unbearable situation, and something is bound to explode.

The episode of the elevator got things off to a bad start. Jane felt it was not her fault, since the car was so crowded, that she was standing on a strange man's toes. He certainly wasn't justified in using the incident to strike up an acquaintance.

She snubbed him roundly, and got off at the eighth floor. So did he, remarking happily, "Fancy both of us getting off here. There's fate for you!"

Jane's voice was an icicle. "Haven't you mistaken me for someone you know? I've never seen you before in my life!"

"No," he agreed, "I haven't lived until now either."

Jane wheeled and started off down the corridor, with him at her heels like an amiable and idiotic puppy. And when she paused at the door to James Curtis' office, he jumped to open it for her, and followed her in.

"I tell you," Jane fumed, "if you don't stop following me I'll call the police!"

The door to the inner office opened, and a white-haired gentleman smiled at them benevolently. "Ah," he said, "I'm glad you've both arrived on time. Come in."

Inside, he said, "Miss Masters, this is Steve Colman. Steve, Jane Masters."

Jane acknowledged the introduction with no lessening of animosity. It took her no time at all, aided by his behavior in the elevator, to decide what sort of a man this Steve Colman was. Handsome, and so well aware of it that he expected girls to come running when he whistled. Well, here was one that wouldn't. Probably hadn't done a stroke of work in his life—not honest work, anyhow. Certainly not a man to be trusted. And she didn't like red hair.

With insufferable nonchalance, the Colman person said, "I think you'd better explain to Miss Masters who I am. She seems to be afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of anyone!" Jane snapped.

"I've a bit of explaining to do to both of you," the lawyer said, settling himself behind his big desk. "You, Miss Masters, are the late Peter Masters' great-niece. And Steve—"

"He was my step-grandfather, wasn't he? Dad married old Peter's daughter after my own mother died."

"That's right. Now, as you know, at one time Peter Masters practically controlled the shipping here on San Francisco Bay. He had a fleet of sixty tug boats, and he got all the business. But times change—Peter got old, his business slipped away, and when he died last fall he was almost broke. Not quite, but almost. There's still a—some property to be distributed between his only heirs—you, Jane, and Steve."

"Why—I hardly knew him," Jane said.

"Nevertheless, he named you in his will. The property left jointly to

Fictionized by Norton Russell from the First Nighter script, starring Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne, and sponsored by Campana's Italian Balm

you and Steve is the old tug boat, *Rascal.*"

Jane took one look at Steve. "We'll have to sell it, of course," she said.

"I'm afraid not," Curtis said. "One of the provisions of the will is that you keep it in your possession for five years. And you're to retain Mac, the engineer, and Wee Sing, the cook."

"That's impossible!" Jane argued. "I have a job, but it barely keeps me alive. I can't take on two more people and a tug boat."

"Nobody's asking you to," Steve Colman said gently. "I'll take the tug out and make it earn its keep."

She swept him with a look of undisguised scorn.

I HAVE a Master's license," he said. "Running a tug is man's work. You keep your position and I'll—"

"I wouldn't trust you in a millpond with that boat."

"Now, Jane—be sensible—"

"And don't call me Jane. I'm quitting my job and moving onto my half of the boat tonight! Goodbye, Mr. Curtis, and thank you."

"You'll find the *Rascal* tied up at the foot of Capistrano Street!" Mr. Curtis called after her.

Jane had seldom worked as fast as she did in the next hour, with the result that she accomplished her purpose of getting to the *Rascal* ahead of Steve Colman. When she heard him coming up the narrow gangplank she had already introduced herself to Mac and Wee Sing and taken possession of the captain's cabin.

She looked up defiantly as Steve opened the door of the cabin. "I understood it was customary to knock before you entered a woman's room, Mr. Colman."

"What are you doing in here?" he snapped.

"I'm living here."

"Now listen, Jane," he burst out, "you've no right to this cabin. I need it. I'll be up and down all night, running the tug, and—"

"Oh! *You're* going to run the tug?"

Over his shoulder she saw Mac's wrinkled face with its grizzled walrus mustache. "'Nother little cabin just abaft this, Mr. Colman," he put in.

"Oh, all right!" Sullenly, Steve gave her the first round on points. "See here, Mac, how do we make this tug pay?"

"Yes, Mac," Jane added. "How do we start? We've got to hurry—that is, unless Mr. Colman has a large bank account?"

"I'm broke," Steve said curtly.

"Well—" Mac began, "there's two things you can do. The big ships is all tied up by the big tug companies. You can either go lie outside the Golden Gate and fight for lumber schooners and little fruit boats, or you can go up the Sacramento River and haul grain barges."

"Fine. We'll go up the Sacramento," Jane said promptly.

"Nonsense!" Steve barked. "We'll go outside the Gate."

"Up the Sacramento!"

"Out to sea!"

"Unless you two captains got the price of fuel oil," Mac said dryly, "we ain't goin' no place. Me'n the cook been livin' on rice for ten days and the bunker tanks is plum dry!"

Two days later the *Rascal* was still tied up at the foot of Capistrano, and one of the more efficient kinds of San Francisco fogs had blown in from the Golden Gate. Coming out of her cabin in the morning Jane had to admit that perhaps it was just as well the fuel tanks were dry. It would have been terrible to be out in that fog.

Mac, a glum figure in shiny oilskins, loomed up through the fog.

"What time did Mr. Colman go out this morning?" she asked.

"'Bout five o'clock."

"So early? Why?"

"Rice's gettin' low," Mac said simply.

Somewhere, close by, a fog horn mooed loudly, and Jane jumped as a black mass appeared out of nothingness.

A voice shouted, "Stand by to take a line!"

"Why, it's the skipper!" Mac exclaimed. "That's a fuel barge he's on—that means he's got us a job." At once the old man was all action, neatly catching the line thrown from the fuel barge, tying it, putting the fuel hoses into the tanks.

Jane was almost ready to like Steve, but at that moment he jumped from the barge to the tug boat's deck, and she noticed that once more he had become disgustingly sure of himself.

"So you've got a job?" she said. "Doing what?"

"What difference does it make?" he said airily. "It's good pay—fuel for the engine and food for us."

"We'll take it, of course," she conceded, "but after this I wish you'd talk things over with me before you accept jobs. I'm . . ."

"I know. You're half owner. If there was anything else in the world for me to do you'd be whole owner, but right now I'm stuck here."

"You feel that way, do you?" she asked dangerously.

He flung out his hands. "Jane, let's have this out. What in blazes is wrong with me?"

"Frankly I don't trust you. Anyone who will act the way you did the first time we met deserves to be carefully watched."

"Ye gods," he groaned, "haven't you any sense of humor?"

"I don't think your attitude that day was very funny. I was a total stranger to you, you know."

"All right. All right. It's only natural that a man with a good eye for beauty would speak out of turn to a girl as pretty as you are. But if that's the way you feel—"

He turned away. "As soon as the tanks are full, we'll pick up our tow and get going," he flung out.

"Where are we going?"

"Well—he hesitated in embarrassment. "About half way up the Sacramento River."

Jane flung back her head and laughed out loud. "So we *are* going up the river?"

"Just this once," he said stubbornly. "Just to get some money. After that we'll go out to sea."

"Maybe. How much are we getting for this job?"

"Six hundred."

"Six hundred dollars! Isn't that an awful lot of money?"

"It is."

"But why?"

"Listen," he said. "Do you want this job or not?"

"Of course—but—"

"Then get into your old clothes," he broke in quickly. "You may have the captain's cabin on this tug, but that doesn't mean you aren't going to do your share of work."

THE fog didn't lift. If anything, it was worse by the time they'd picked up their tow and nosed out into the bay. It also developed that Steve had strong suspicions about the accuracy of the compass. "Should have had it fixed," he muttered.

Jane, standing beside him in the pilot house, said, "Maybe it's right, though."

"Don't be silly. If that compass was right, we'd be headed for the Golden Gate—and I know we aren't. Listen!"

In the intervals between the blasts of their fog horn she heard, far overhead, the rush of speeding motor cars.

"Maybe we're going up Market Street," she suggested.

"Don't try to be funny. Those cars are on Carquinez Bridge."

"Did it ever occur to you," Jane suggested, "that the compass might be right and the cars are on the new Golden Gate Bridge?"

But he only laughed. "Say, I've sailed this Bay ever since I was a kid. (*Continued on page* 93)

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

BOB HOPE

■ Just a friendly grin from that droll comedian of Tuesday night's Pepsodent program. Bob's back with his old screen partner, Martha Raye, in Paramount's "Never Say Die."

Charlie GAY NAUGHTIES

■ The gaslight era bloomed again when Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, celebrating the completion of their new Universal picture, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," threw a "Gay Nineties" party. Left, Edgar and Charlie as a minstrel team; above—yes, it is!—Tyrone Power.

Photos by Fink

McCarthy's PARTY

■ Above, Edgar with Kay St. Germaine (there's a new romance here); right, with Betty Grable. Across the bottom of these pages are Betty, Princess Baba, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Shirley Ross, in the "backless" dress—then Betty, Baba, Martha and Dotty again.

DO MEN *Hate*

Mrs. Hal Kemp's trousseau hats made by Sally Victor.

WHEN you proudly go home, after frantic shopping, with your new Easter bonnet, and Hubby takes one look and yells, "Wasn't there any mirror in that store?" is he serious or is he just joking?

In an effort to solve this hat question, once and for all, we asked several of radio's loveliest and most style-conscious girls to pose in the latest models, and showed the results to Morton Downey, Phil Baker, Lanny Ross and Robert Benchley—all gentlemen of impeccable taste, rare judgment and real bravery.

Said Morton Downey: "They're kind of silly, but on the whole I think the hats this year are a lot prettier than they've been for a long time. There's more to them. Now they sit on half the head, instead of just covering the right eyebrow!"

■ Reading down—Nan Wynn, in a pink cellophane sailor; Martha Stephenson, Hal Kemp's bride, in a wine-colored milan with pink taffeta; Joan Edwards' "Arabian Nights" hat features a cellophane ruching; Nan's wearing the new baby bumper with black taffeta bow; Joan's perky sailor is a quilted cobalt-blue cellophane with a big bow.

Women's Hats?

CBS stars Joan Edwards and Nan Wynn in hats by Emilie Dalheim, New York —photos by Walter Seigal.

PHIL BAKER took one look at that straw sailor on the opposite page and announced that he'd discovered a new use for pineapple tops. Lanny Ross was cautious: "The only things I dislike are the enormous brims, and hanging yards of silk from the back. But the flowers and veils make women look romantic."

Robert Benchley came out flatly: "I always say a hat is a hat. But why can't they just call it that instead of some food or a bird. And imagine calling a hat a pillbox! The other day I heard a woman talking like this: '. . . so Mary asked for a wimple, but the wimple didn't look good, so she put on a rough-rider. After an hour she finally walked out with a Mother Goose.'" So now you know what men think of women's hats. Or do you?

■ Reading below, and up—Mrs. Hal Kemp's black felt is faced with white eyelet embroidery; a muffin hat for Nan, with pink and blue birds and dotted veil. Mrs. Kemp wears another off-the-face hat with peaked crown, sombre o effect; and Nan in a 1939 version of the new fedora. It's red and the huge veil ties under the chin.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

This Happened to Me

He used to play hookey from school—to listen to a band.

Once he washed dishes; and even slept on a park bench.

■ The almost incredible life story of swing's newest idol—Artie Shaw, who got to the top by walking with trouble every step of the way

BY ARTIE SHAW

As told to Jerry Mason

EVER since I was a kid down on New York's lower East Side I've heard about luck. "All you need is one lucky break and nothing can stop you." That line of talk is almost proverbial. It's also a lot of bunk. As far as I've been able to discover, luck and the right breaks don't mean much.

I was lucky to be born with the ability to carry a tune. I was lucky to be born with a healthy body. I'm lucky to be where I am today—but I'm not there because some mysterious Fate decided to smile sweetly on me. Everything I've gotten—I've gotten the hard way.

For twenty odd years it's been work and sweat and heart-break. Every inch of the way has been tough. Some of it has been a lot of fun. If I had it to do all over again, I'd repeat most of it. A lot, though, I'd pray to skip.

Much, too, has been said and written about love and marriage as one of the world's greatest assets on the way up. That I can neither prove nor disprove. I've been in love. I married twice—two of the finest women I have ever known. But marriage was not for me. I don't know whether it helped or hindered. I know it can provide great happiness and great unhappiness. For me, it did both.

Right now, I am pretty well satisfied. Show-business is a fairly familiar subject to me. No matter how familiar it is, I get a kick out of seeing "Artie Shaw and his Orchestra" spelled out on a theater marquee. There's also a great deal of pride in knowing that you and your organization are able to earn more than a quarter of a million dollars within a year. That's a lot of money. But it's important to me not for what it can buy—but for what it stands. It means I have arrived. I and my ideas about music have been accepted. That's important. And I am perfectly honest when I say it's not the money that

Illustrations by Robert Reiger

Listen to Artie Shaw and his band on the Old Gold program, Sunday nights over Columbia's Network.

MOUTHPIECE

Artie, aged six months—just one of New York's million or so kids.

In Buster Brown suit and haircut—a true American at three.

People in the danceband business learn to nap whenever they can.

counts. It doesn't take much experience to learn that you can wear only one suit at a time, eat only one meal when you're hungry, drive only one car. The years behind taught me that. This May those years will number 29.

THEY began on Manhattan's 7th Street between Avenue C and the East River. That's the section which belongs to the Dead End Kids. I suppose I was one of them. If you've ever seen a movie of a New York tenement house, you've seen the kind of place I lived in. Two or two and a half rooms in a wooden firetrap. Dirt and discomfort on all sides. Unhappiness the dictator whom only the children could escape. In the summer, we'd go down to the oily, ship-soiled East River to cool off. That was the Riviera of the tenements.

My earliest recollection of my father was of an unflourishing photographer. He never settled down very much. After a while he gave up pictures to work with my mother, a good dress designer. They opened a shop together which made a little money. First result, of course, was to move up to a better neighborhood. They picked out St. Mark's Place—the same block, incidentally, from which Al Smith came—and I began to go to grammar school.

I was seven and a half when they decided to move to New Haven, Connecticut. I'll never forget the night we arrived there. It was late when we got off the train and the three of us checked in to the Royal Hotel. I couldn't wait until morning. Ignorant little New Yorker that I was, I thought sure I'd wake up to look out on farm lands and cows and chickens. I rushed to the window at 6:30—and saw a scene that wasn't much different from what I'd been looking at all my life.

But I was grateful for that change of location. For years I had been cursed with a Buster Brown haircut. One of those straight bobs that come down just below the earlobes. I'd been afraid to beg my mother to cut it off while we were still in New York. I knew the kidding afterward would be worse than it had been before. That New Haven barber shop was a wonderful place.

My mother and dad opened up another clothing place. For a time they did very well. Then we began to have less and less money. We moved to worse and worse places. Finally—I was already in high school—I realized that I came from a very poor family. But to a boy of 13, finances weren't as important as playing hookey.

Boards of education can lecture all they like about the evils of playing hookey. But one such expedition was probably the most earthshaking event that ever happened to me. I used to spend those free mornings and afternoons at the Palace Theater, the domicile of vaudeville in New Haven. One week a band came through and I watched them work. During an unimportant spot, a saxophonist stood up and played a short solo. For the first time, I became aware of the saxophone as a music-making instrument.

I rushed home—completely forgetting the consequences of playing hookey—and asked my father to buy me a saxophone. He laughed at me. I can't blame him when I think back on it now. Then, though, it was the most important thing in my life. I began to think of ways to make money. The first thing I tried was selling newspapers. After a couple of weeks of that, I calculated I was making only one-third of a cent for each paper sold. That was the hard way. I had to find a system for making money quicker. Summer vacation started and I managed to land a job in a grocery store at $5 a week. At the end of eight weeks I had $40—enough to buy a cheap horn.

I was supposed to get five free lessons for the purchase price. I took two of them—and quit. The teacher didn't know much more about the instrument than I did. He started me off all wrong. For example, he taught me the G scale instead of the C as the basic scale. Right up to the present, I have to transpose mentally whenever I play. It's like thinking in French and talking in English.

I really learned by practise. The whole idea fascinated me—I had heard the musician in the theater play the sax so beautifully and when I tried to do the same thing all I got was a lot of squealing noises. It was a problem that had to be licked. I did it by practising eight hours every day. Eight hours of it, broken only by a quickly gulped meal—and back at it. The noise drove my father crazy but the idea of learning how to play had a terrific pull on me. He would ask me to stop and I'd refuse—the only defiance I ever showed him.

My work reached a climax when I entered a local amateur contest. I remember that night, too. I played a tune called "Charlie My Boy." I can't even hum it now—but it won me $5. That prize shocked me—up

(*Continued on page* 68)

IF WOMEN Ruled

Step aside, men—let Carole Lombard tell you how much better a job they'd make of it!

WHAT would happen if women ran the world? I'll tell you what would happen. If women ran this world it would be a better world, if you really want to know. It wouldn't be such a sorry *mess* of a world. It wouldn't be the kind of world that bombs kids in the streets and taxes their parents to pay for the bombs. It wouldn't be a world where people starve with a surplus of stuff to eat all around 'em. It'd be a cleaner place, a saner place, and a finer place.

Because why? Because women are *realists*. They wouldn't permit slums and filth and disease and poverty, because those things cost everybody money. Do you know what causes war and poverty? All right, all right, I'll tell you. Male stupidity, Male sentiment and Male greed.

Women are greedy too, but they know how to get what they want. They don't let stupid sentimental considerations get in their way. They wouldn't start a war to get new trade, or raw materials, or a swelled head, when they know darn well they'll wind up headless and bankrupt.

It all comes down to this. Men are children, women are realists. Take it or leave it, gents, take it or leave it.

This speech was first broadcast on Carole's Sunday night program, sponsored by Kellogg.

Mysteries OF THE MIND

Radio takes another step forward in seeking to unravel the secrets of such psychic phenomena as ghosts, premonitions, mental telepathy and dreams—all of them "Mysteries of the mind" and broadcast weekly over WOR of the Mutual Broadcasting System. Actual case histories are first dramatized and then discussed by psychic investigator Hugh Lynn Cayce, and two representatives from the field of medicine and psychology, Dr. Henry S. W. Hardwicke and Dr. Lucien Warner. The cases have been gathered and verified by Mr. Cayce, who has been studying phenomena for the past seven years. Dr. Hardwicke is conductor of the Psychic Forum and a research officer of the Society of Psychic Research. Dr. Warner has carried on special research at Duke University and is the author of "Applied Psychology." The following article has been prepared, by special permission of WOR, from outstanding case histories already broadcast.

SINCE the beginning of time man has sought to gain more and more knowledge about this world into which he has been born . . . and more and more knowledge concerning the mystery of his own self; his mind or soul. Today, men of science are delving into the mysteries of the mind, trying to reveal its hidden powers—to explain their meaning.

Into the lives of almost everyone have come experiences of the mind—strange and unexplainable in terms of our every-day life—a vivid dream that came true, a hunch that something was about to happen, an impression that a friend or loved one miles away was in trouble.

On November 11, 1938, there appeared in newspapers from coast to coast the remarkable story of six-year-old, golden-haired Helen Lane of Miami, Florida. This amazing story has been verified and authenticated.

The quiet of the Lane living room was suddenly disrupted on November 10 by the frightened cries of little Helen — cries of "Mother; Mother!" which became more terrifying as they increased in volume.

The parents rushed to the child's bedroom on the second floor.

"Yes, Helen dear," comforted her mother, as she saw that her little

■ Into the life of everyone has come some strange, inexplicable event—a dream that came true, a premonition, a voice from nowhere. Here are more of these weird happenings, with . . . perhaps . . . an explanation

■ Dayton jerked open the window. "There's a fire below us!" he shouted.

Illustration by Chase Cassidy

girl was still alive and untouched. "What is it?"

"Oh, Mother, I've just been run over by a truck," the little girl sobbed pitifully. "I'm dying!"

Mrs. Lane crushed the child to her breast and whispered reassuringly:

"Why, Helen, you're all right. You've been dreaming."

The child shook her head. "No, Mother, I tried to get out of the way but I couldn't. That colored man who was driving—he picked me up." The child gasped, then cried again, "Oh, I'm dying, I know I am!"

Mrs. Lane turned helplessly toward her husband. His face was ashen white.

"Helen," she tried to comfort her daughter. "You're still not awake. There's no truck and there's no colored man. You're right here at home, safe in bed."

The child cried softly, pulled the blankets closer to her chilled skin, and spoke softly: "But Mother, it was so real. I'm so frightened. It might be going to happen. It didn't seem like a dream at all. That truck was killing me!"

The parents turned out the light and stayed with their child until the dawn broke. Neither said a word.

At breakfast Helen spoke of her horrible "dream" again. The crisp morning air had freshened the mother. She regained her confidence, and buoyed up the child's spirits.

But less than an hour later, Mrs. Lane's household duties were suddenly interrupted by the screech of brakes, followed instantly by a scream. A child's scream. Through the open kitchen window came the sound of voices.

"Get the license number!" someone yelled excitedly. "Hold the driver!"

Mrs. Lane rushed into the street. At the sidewalk she met a neighbor. The woman was hysterical.

"Oh, Mrs. Lane," she cried, "it's your daughter Helen. I'm afraid she's—"

Her words were cut off by the other woman. "Yes, I know. I know." Mrs. Lane said calmly. "You don't have to tell me. My baby has been killed."

Two days later a grief-stricken mother and father appeared before the coroner's jury. They had a strange request to make. Mr. Lane spoke slowly, sorrowfully:

"Your Honor, my wife and I have come here to ask mercy for that negro driver who ran over our little girl. He must not be blamed for what has happened. You see—we don't understand ourselves, but Helen had a dream the night before the accident that she was run over by a truck and killed. A truck driven by a colored man!"

"But that's incredible," said the foreman of (*Continued on page* 64)

THE CASE OF THE Hollywood Scandal

by Erle Stanley Gardner

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws" "The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.

The Story Thus Far:

I WAS plunged into mystery on the very first day of my new job as secretary to William C. Foley, the well-known Hollywood lawyer. I'd received the job when Mildred Parker, Mr. Foley's former secretary, was injured by a hit-and-run driver. Mr. Foley, who always judged people by their voices, hired me because he liked mine.

Early in the afternoon of my first day, a man who said he was a private detective investigating Miss Parker's accident, forced his way into Mr. Foley's office. After Mr. Foley had gotten rid of him, his next visitor was a Frank C. Padgham, and I was called in while Mr. Foley dictated a long and involved agreement between Padgham, who seemed to be a talent agent, and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. Mr. Foley instructed me to type the agreement and deliver it to a certain address that night—and under no circumstances to let anyone else see it.

On my way to the address that night I was almost run down by a speeding car—and it didn't look like an accident either. In a panic, I arrived at the house, which seemed to be completely deserted. No one answered my ring, so I walked in.

■ I'll never forget the way he jumped back. The man was absolutely terror-stricken.

Then, coming from upstairs, I heard a thumping noise. I investigated, and found Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie and radio star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and he went downstairs to get a drink for both of us. Too late, I realized he had run away, not knowing I had recognized him. I started down the hall after him, picking up a safety-deposit key he had dropped. Then, through an open door I saw a man slumped over a desk in such a strange attitude that I knew he was dead. And at that moment every light in the house went out!

PART II

I HAD no idea that any place could be so utterly and completely dark. It seemed as though someone had pushed a thick strip of black blotting paper into the cor-

A key, a corpse, and a rudely disappearing star are the baffling clues to the mystery of that dark house of murder! Follow impulsive Miss Bell and her boss, the man with the microphone mind, into new paths of danger

Illustrations by Mario Cooper

ridor, and the paper had just sucked up every bit of light in the place.

And within fifty feet of me was the body of a dead man.

Not the faintest ray of light seeped in from the street. The rich heavy hangings were as efficient in preventing light from getting in as they had been in preventing any from showing on the outside.

I'd been frightened enough when I first came running up to the house, seeking refuge from the dangers of the outer night. Now I realized all too keenly the proverb about "Out of the frying pan into the fire." I'd been anxious enough to get into the house, but now I was twice as anxious to get out. Whatever dangers the street held would at least be met in the open air, not in this place with its dank aura of death clinging to it.

I groped for the stairs, and then, afraid that I'd miss them, dropped on my hands and knees, swinging my left hand out in long, exploring circles as I crawled in the general direction of the stairs, my right hand dragging the brief case along the carpet behind me. I found the staircase and started down, walking on tip toe, trying to avoid creaking boards.

I was halfway down the stairs when a bell shattered the silence.

I stopped, motionless, listening. Was it a telephone, or . . . It rang again, and this time I knew it for what it was, the doorbell. Someone was at the front door.

I suppose, logically, at that moment I should have become completely panic stricken. As a matter of fact, the ringing of the doorbell had exactly the opposite effect. I steadied down to fast, cool thinking. It was, I realized, quite possible that Bruce Eaton had decided to return. It was also possible he had notified others of what they would find in the house, bringing assistance to me in that way, yet keeping out of it himself.

Or . . . Suddenly I laughed. A feeling of vast relief surged through me. *Of course!* It was Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham coming to keep their appointment.

I put my hand on the bannister and ran down the stairs as rapidly as I could. The doorbell rang once more while I was still fumbling around in the corridor. I propped my brief case against the wall near the door, so I'd have both hands free for groping. Then I found the doorknob, and flung open the door.

It was as dark as a pocket inside the house, and in contrast to that darkness the street seemed well lighted. I could see the flashy form of Frank Padgham silhouetted in

the doorway. Apparently, he couldn't see enough of me to recognize me. All that he could see was an oblong of blackness, with the vague, indistinct lines of a figure standing within reaching distance of him.

I'll never forget the way he jumped back. There was far more than the startled reaction which takes place when one encounters the unexpected. The man was absolutely terror-stricken.

"Where's Mr. Foley, Mr. Padgham?" I asked.

HE took two deep breaths before he was able to answer me. Then he said, "Oh, it's you, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Miss Bell," I supplemented.

"Oh yes, Miss Bell," he said. ". . . You . . . ah . . . startled me. How did it . . . ah . . . happen that you answered the doorbell?"

For a moment I was irritated at him. There was something ponderous and patronizing in his manner, now that he had recovered from his fright. So I said, "Suppose you answer my question, and then I'll answer yours."

"Oh yes, Mr. Foley . . . why, yes. Mr. Foley was . . . or . . . ah . . . detained. A matter of the greatest importance. That's why we were a little late keeping the appointment."

"These lights won't go on," I told him. "There's a switch out, or a fuse blown, or something."

"Indeed," he said solicitously, and moved forward. "I'll have to investigate. You'd better stay close, Miss Bell. I wouldn't want to lose you in the . . . er . . . ah . . . darkness."

I could hear one of his hands scraping along the wall as he searched for the light switch, but the other hand rested on my shoulder, then dropped down so that his arm was around my waist. I twisted out from what was about to develop into an embrace and said "Hadn't you better take both hands, Mr. Padgham? I'll stay right behind you."

He found the light switch, then, and clicked it fruitlessly.

"I'm afraid," I told him, "there's something radically wrong here."

"You mean about the lights?"

"I mean something in the house," I said. "There's a dead man upstairs."

For what might have been four or five seconds, there was complete silence. He didn't move. I doubt if he even breathed. I was sorry that I couldn't see the expression of his face. Was he surprised? Or was he perhaps acting a part? Somehow I had the idea that the man was playing me as a cat plays a mouse.

"Oh Good *Lord!*" he exclaimed, and then after a moment added, "Where is this . . . er . . . ah, corpse?"

"Upstairs," I said, "in a room which opens off behind the staircase."

"And what were *you* doing up there?" he asked, sharply.

"I heard something," I said, "a funny sound, and I climbed the stairs to see what it was and found . . ."

I stopped abruptly. Should I tell him what I'd found, or should I tell that only to Mr. Foley—or, on the other hand, should I ever tell anyone? Bruce Eaton certainly didn't want anyone to know he'd been in the house, and it didn't take a great deal of imagination for me to understand why. Bruce Eaton was box office in a big way. Not only was he *my* particular heart throb, but I had some forty million feminine rivals.

"Go ahead," he said, interrupting my thoughts. "You found what?"

"Found this dead man," I finished inanely.

"How did you know that he is dead?"

"By looking at him."

"Did you go into the room to see?"

"No."

"You didn't touch him?"

"No."

"You didn't . . . er . . . ah . . . pick up anything?"

"Pick up anything?" I said, forgetting for the moment about that peculiar key. "Why, why should I pick up anything? What are you talking about, Mr. Padgham?"

"Just a matter of precaution," he said quickly. "You understand the police are very strict about anyone touching things in a room where a man's been murdered."

"Murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Why yes," he said. "Didn't you say he was murdered?"

And I think that was the first time I realized the man actually *had* been murdered.

"No," I told him, "I thought he'd had a stroke or something while he was sitting there. . . . Great heavens, you don't suppose . . ."

"Suppose what?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Look here, Miss Bell," he told me, dropping his friendly manner for the moment and with his voice holding an ominous note, "If you're holding anything back, it's going to be . . . well, serious."

"I'm not holding anything back," I told him— "that is, anything that I feel I should tell you."

This time there was no mistaking his tone. He'd lost all of that ponderous, synthetic dignity, and his

(*Continued on page* 72)

■ I crawled on my hands and knees in the direction of the stairs, dragging the brief-case along the carpet.

DON AMECHE

■ Comin' atcha is that delightful master of ceremonies of the Chase and Sanborn Hour. Don's next screen appearance is with Claudette Colbert in Paramount's "Midnight."

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Three short years, and in them everything has come his way—heights of fame few have ever explored, the adulation of millions, and a love of the sort won only by the romantic in heart

This is the

By
HOWARD SHARPE

■ Ty's romance with Sonja Henie held no danger of a really serious love affair. It was just a friendship—and both knew it.

CHICAGO was hot, and inexpressibly full of people. It was August of 1934, Century of Progress year, and Tyrone Power stopped there on his way to New York; he felt he might as well see the Fair.

He stayed until January. Friends from the earlier days were at the train when he came in and greeted him with gladsome cries, so that the weary trek from hotel to hotel (all filled to capacity) was not necessary for him.

It was the Power luck. They had an apartment which they shared, these friends, and since it was already uncomfortably crowded another occupant could hardly add inconvenience. Particularly if he were Tyrone Power, congenial, young, given to laughter.

The Chicago period was a transition, a time-out for adjustment. Behind the boy lay his absolute youth, a head-long collection of years in which his ambition and his self-assurance had, hand in hand, brought him anti-climax.

He'd set off bravely enough, when he was seventeen, to be an actor. Perhaps, if Tyrone Power II, his father, had lived, he would have had better luck. He didn't know. All he knew was that Hollywood hadn't wanted him. A year—almost—in the Santa Barbara Little Theater had been good: it had given him security, for a time, and much-needed experience.

Life!

20th Century-Fox

■ His romance with Janet Gaynor, right, was a realization of a dream. And then along came Annabella who won his heart without trying. Above, Annabella and Ty basking in the golden sun.

Fink

It had given him something else, too. Somewhere, behind him, was first love—Nicky, the girl at the Santa Barbara theater. But that was all over now. He mustn't look back. The future would need all his attention—if indeed there was any left over from the present.

Professionally he was given reassurance when one of the friends got him a job with the fair, announcing him to concession managers as an experienced actor from the Coast. For a month or two he pantomimed before unloaded cameras while patrons, having paid their good money to see a "Glimpse of Hollywood," watched with unblinking eyes his every movement.

When this occupation had palled, both on the visitors and on Tyrone, he auditioned at a radio station and got a job reading the funny papers to Chicago's listening young each Sunday afternoon. There were occasional bit parts to do on network shows. One of them was in Don Ameche's First Nighter program.

During the summer, then, and through the long autumn, young Mr. Power worked hard, amused himself grimly during the evenings in company with his cheerful roommates, and tried to put the memory of unprofitable years out of his mind.

When he had done that, finally, he could go to the radio people, resign, and catch the first train for New York.

"But of course you will stay with us!" Michael Strange, a family friend of long standing said to him at dinner his first night in Manhattan; and Harrison Tweed, her husband, nodded assent. So that was settled.

Tyrone had very little money, just enough to keep him for a time. Amazingly, he was not worried. People whose luck is attuned to their eventual success know when a change for the better is imminent. They (*Continued on page* 61)

FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN

Above, Bob Crosby, leader of Dixieland's Bobcats—the band that made good because they stuck to an ideal. Left, attractive Edythe Wright discovered that the coveted solo-spot in Tommy Dorsey's band was hers alone.

ONE of the most popular orchestra leaders of the boom days, Bert Lown, is back again with a brand new orchestra. Remember his old haunting theme, "Bye-Bye Blues?" Bert is using it again. When Bert was the toast of the town ten years ago some of his musicians were Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey, Red Nichols, Adrian Rollini, Mike Riley and Ed Farley. . .

Larry Clinton is off the Tommy Riggs show . . . Percy Faith, the Canadian conductor, still refuses those tempting offers from American broadcasters . . . Jan Garber moves into the Hotel New Yorker for his first Manhattan engagement in May, just in time to see Guy Lombardo leave the Roosevelt. Bookers wouldn't dare have both bands in one town at the same time.

Benny Goodman clicked at the Waldorf-Astoria so heavily that he returns to the swank Manhattan hostelry in October . . . Benny decided that his brother Irving was the best man to fill Harry James' shoes in the band . . . Edythe Wright has returned to the Tommy Dorsey fold. Tommy couldn't find a logical successor . . . Benny Berigan is not disbanding his organization to join Benny Goodman. The trumpeter still wants to lead his own band . . .

A de-lovely sits near the Sammy Kaye bandstand in New York's Hotel Commodore almost nightly. Some say it's Mrs. Kaye . . . Bandleader Kaye is one of radio's most eligible bachelors if he hasn't already taken the important plunge . . . Is there a blessed event due at the Bob Crosbys? . . . Buddy Rogers replaces Freddy Martin at the Los Angeles Cocoanut Grove in April.

THE FREE SOULS OF SWING

IF you have never pinned your hopes on an ideal, don't read this story.

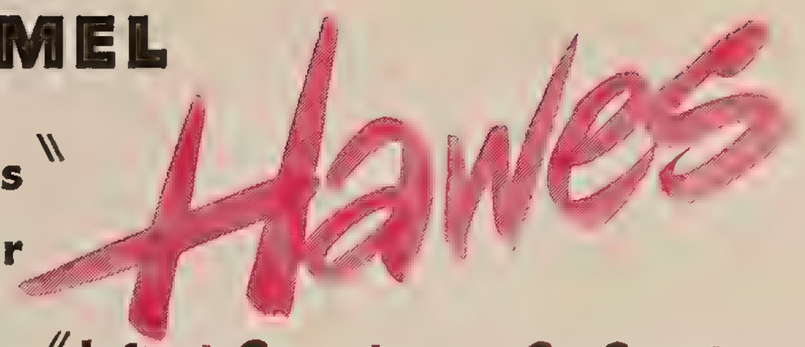
Because the meteoric rise of the country's newest dance band sensation was built on a grim determination to foster a new swing trend.

Today the whole country is swinging to Bob Crosby and his dynamic orchestra. These men had an ideal and stuck to it, despite discouraging setbacks. Unlike any other band you have ever heard, they are now safely ensconced in Chicago's renowned Blackhawk Cafe. They are on the air several times weekly over Mutual. Rumor-laden radio row has heard more news, via the mysterious grapevine route, that the band is being groomed for its first

(*Continued on page* 88)

"LET UP— LIGHT UP A CAMEL

...a grand way to rest the nerves"
— says famous American designer



"I find Camels are So Soothing"

1 Elizabeth Hawes—tiny, young, energetic—heads her own couturier salon in the social East Sixties of New York. An intense worker, she designs, sketches; confers with drapers, fitters, models... plans the Openings at which her new gowns and wraps are shown for the first time. Above, she selects fabrics—her first step in a new design.

2 She cuts into muslin. A few snips with the shears, and another All-American design is on its way. "Designing new styles is fun," she says, "but hard on the nerves sometimes. So when I feel myself getting tense or irritable, that's the moment I say to myself: 'Elizabeth Hawes, have a Camel!'"

3 Sketching the design. "A designing job is hard work," she says. "I'd feel like a wreck at the end of the day—and probably look like one!—if I didn't ease up now and then and enjoy a Camel. It's a grand way to rest the nerves!"

4 *"CYPRESS"*—the finished design. Cypress-green faille, superbly cut, with gleaming coq feathers falling out of a show-your-shoulders neckline. Miss Hawes' clothes are internationally known—styled to be wearable for years. Miss Hawes, wearing her workmanlike blouse of blue silk, looks pleased and at ease as she smokes another Camel. "'Let up—light up a Camel' makes sense to me," she says. "Camels are positively soothing to the nerves."

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

RELAXED. The wire fox terrier is noted for its brisk, playful spirit. Apparently, always on the go... *actually,* frequently at ease. When he tires, he instinctively rests. His nervous system is so highly strung! Ours is too. Our instincts likewise warn us: *Nerves need rest.* But will-power and determination may prod you to struggle on... till you become tense and irritable. You *want* to be pleasant... you *want* to enjoy smooth nerves. Why not pause frequently? Ease the strain. Let up and light up a Camel. Camels are mild, rich-tasting. And smokers find that Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

Presenting

A REALLY NEW LIPSTICK

packed with new thrills ... new glamour ... new "everything" that you need for conquest tonight

Amazing New "Perma-Color" Principle Keeps Lips Thrilling Many Hours Longer!

News in lipstick! Important, thrilling news! The glamorous SAVAGE you have known so well now becomes the New SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK ... a big, full-sized lipstick in a dashing swivel case!

More Lasting Than Ever

And what thrills it holds for YOU! Its sensational new *"perma-color"* principle gives color that's not just surface coating, but radiant redness that actually seems to become a savagely clinging part of your lips ... almost as much a part of YOU as your lips themselves. It really stays on. SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK! Thrilling too, because it's so much smoother to apply than you ever dreamed lipstick could be.

New Jungle-ish Shades

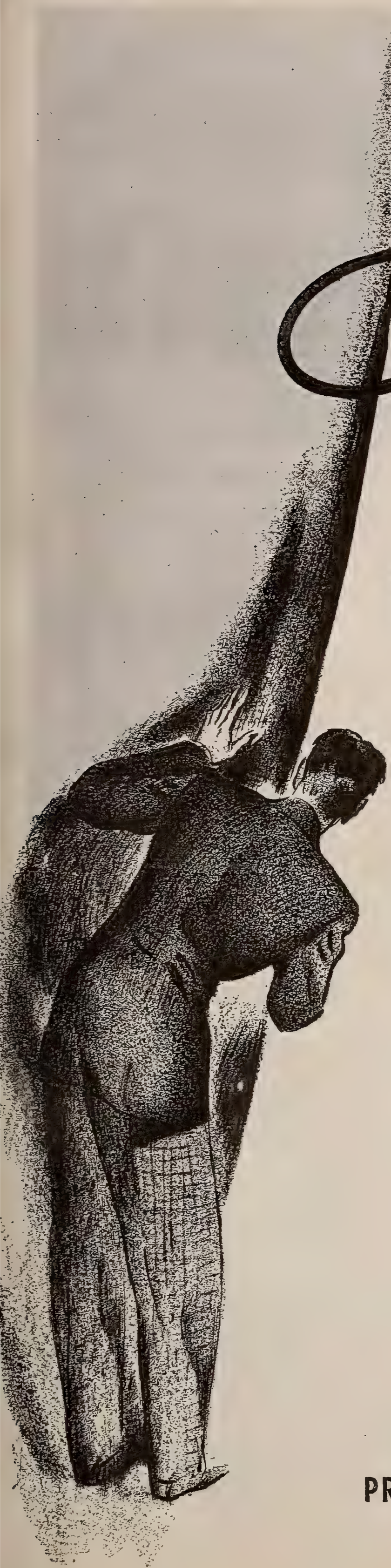
But most important of all is the *thrill* of discovering that these jungle-ish shades with their lustrous, shimmering highlights are the true essence of romantic adventure in its maddest whirl. The very first night you wear one of them you'll find out how much more attractive SAVAGE reds really are.

Worth Millions in Glamour!

The New SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK, now at all toilet counters, is the size and quality usually sold for a dollar ... worth millions in glamour ... yet only 25¢. This price certainly suggests that you indulge the luxury of several shades — for different costumes!

TANGERINE ... FLAME ... NATURAL ... BLUSH ... JUNGLE ORCHID (NEW *purplish shade*)

The New SAVAGE *Thril* LIPSTICK



Inside Radio

The New Radio Mirror Almanac

BY THE STUDIO SNOOPER

■ A handy guide to listening that you'll want to keep right beside your loudspeaker —complete network program directory, day-by-day reminders of listening highlights, plus the fascinating behind-the-scenes stories of seven big network broadcasts!

PROGRAMS FROM MARCH 24 TO APRIL 25

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Animal News**
		9:00	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
		9:00	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
		9:00	NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Terriss**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Melody Moments**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **News**
8:05	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen, contralto**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Chimney House**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **GREAT PLAYS**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Ireene Wicker**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS, MBS, NBC: **Salute to Nations**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Americans All**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Words Without Music**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Fables in Verse**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Armco Band**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Hendrick W. Van Loon**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **St. Louis Blues**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Met. Opera Auditions**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
	4:30	5:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
8:00	4:30	5:30	CBS: **BEN BERNIE**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee**
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Dog Heroes**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood**
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: **Show of The Week**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **A Tale of Today**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **World's Fair Program**
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Screen Guild**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Seth Parker**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **THIS IS NEW YORK**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Out of the West**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE EDGAR BERGEN**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY**
7:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
8:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **WALTER WINCHELL**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
8:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Robert Benchley**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Circle**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Good Will Hour**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Dance orchestra**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Bob Benchley's gags always panic Producer Martin Gosch (right).

Tune-In Bulletin for March 26, April 2, 9, 16 and 23:

MARCH 26: Twelve noon, Dr. Courboin in an all-Bach program, MBS. . . . Three p.m., Albert Spalding and Gaspar Cassado, violinist and cellist, guests on the CBS Philharmonic. . . . Nine tonight, Bidu Sayao, guest on the Ford Symphony Hour, CBS.

April 2: Two p.m., a special Magic Key program in honor of Army Day, NBC-Blue. . . . Three o'clock, Jose Iturbi plays Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto on the CBS-New York Philharmonic program. . . . Nine tonight, Lawrence Tibbett is the Ford Hour's guest star.

April 9: Easter Sunday. . . . Special services and programs from all networks. . . . Sunrise service on CBS at 7:00 a.m. . . . The Rossini Mass on the Philharmonic concert, CBS at 3:00. . . . Nine tonight, Gladys Swarthout is the Ford Hour's guest.

April 16: Three p.m., Kirsten Flagstad sings on the CBS Philharmonic concert. . . . Nine tonight, Jose Iturbi is guest star on the Ford Hour.

April 23: Three p.m., Adolph Busch, violinist, plays a Beethoven Concerto with the Philharmonic, CBS. . . . Nine tonight, Ford Hour's guest is Ezio Pinza.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Melody and Madness, on CBS at 10:00, E.S.T. The Melody is Artie Shaw's swing band and his clarinet, singers Dick Todd and Helen Forrest. The Madness is Robert Benchley, alone and unaided.

You're listening to Melody and Madness as it comes from CBS' Radio Theater No. 1, located in the midst of Broadway's congested theater district. Here is probably a good place to explain that CBS has four of these theaters, once devoted to stage drama, now leased by CBS and converted with control booths and sounding boards into radio studios. Nos. 1 and 2 are fairly small and intimate; No. 4 is large, and No. 3 is huge. The network had to rent these outside playhouses because the studios in its own building—which was never built for radio in the first place—long ago proved to be too small.

Although he is a leading American humorist, Benchley doesn't write his own radio material. The whole show is written by professional scripters Al Lewis and Hank Garson, and partly rewritten on the last day of rehearsal by Bob and Martin Gosch, producer of Melody and Madness (in radio, a "producer" is about the same as a director in the movies.) Bob doesn't even rehearse much—comes in Sunday morning to go over his script, goes out to lunch, drops back around four-thirty and stays until six, then goes on about his own affairs until broadcast time. He says too many rehearsals make him go stale.

The script writers try to model their gags after the Benchley manner, without using anything he ever wrote. This makes things tough sometimes. Bob went over a skit they'd written called "How to Hire a Maid," shook his head, and said it sounded familiar but he didn't know why. Just before the broadcast he remembered—its ending was the same one he'd used in a skit called "How to *Fire* a Maid."

Bandleader Artie Shaw deserves only a little space here because there's a long story about him on page 28. His band has reached such sudden success in the East it just possibly may not accompany the show to Hollywood in April.

Producer Martin Gosch is a tiny, dark man with a toothbrush mustache who stands in the middle of the stage during broadcasts, with a pair of earphones clamped to his head. No matter how often he's heard them in rehearsals, a few of Benchley's lines always panic him.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

DONALD DICKSON — featured baritone on tonight's Chase and Sanborn Hour, NBC-Red at 8:00—born in Clairton, Pa.—knew he wanted to be a singer when he was five—family was poor and they traveled all over the country—when Don was twenty he was working in a steel mill in Cleveland eleven hours a day, sleeping three, studying singing the rest of the time—Artur Rodzinski helped him get a Juilliard School scholarship—he sang on the Sealtest Saturday Night Party and through it got a contract with the Metropolitan—he's married, with a six-year-old son.

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red **The Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Curtis Institute of Music**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **County Seat**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **EDDIE CANTOR**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Cavalcade of America**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Carson Robison**
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Those We Love**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
8:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Eddy Duchin**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Al Pearce: a "low-pressure guy"—Arline Harris: 240 words a minute.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 27, April 3, 10, 17 and 24:

MARCH 27: Ten p.m., Eastern time, a dramatized story of baseball, NBC-Blue.

April 3: Seven p.m., start listening to Orphans of Divorce, starring Margaret Anglin, NBC-Blue, every Monday.

April 10: Eight-thirty p.m.—for comedy, tune in Tom Howard and George Shelton, CBS.

April 17: NBC has a baseball roundup—listen to it and be posted on all the teams.

April 24: Ten a.m., The Nation's School of the Air, on WLW and Mutual, has its final broadcast of the season.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Al Pearce and His Gang, on NBC's Red network from 8:00 to 8:30, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 7:30, P.S.T.

This Grape-Nuts sponsored show is probably the closest thing to an old-time vaudeville bill you'll find on the air—minus the acrobats and trained seals. Everything about it is informal and easy-going, both on the air and off. Al Pearce just won't tolerate high-pressure, refers to himself as a "low-pressure guy".

Some time in the week before the broadcast, he calls the cast together and they calmly map out the coming program and look over the script prepared by writer Monroe Upton (Monroe used to be "Lord Bilgewater" on the show, but nowadays stays mostly behind the scenes). He does all the writing except Arlene Harris' monologue, which she frequently improvises from her own notes as she goes along, and the Eb and Zeb sketches, written by Jack Hasty.

On broadcast day they all meet again and run through the script once. If there are changes to be made, Al doesn't bother having the whole thing rehearsed again, but just tells the individual performers where they can improve and leaves the rest to their good judgment, which seldom fails him.

The Grape Nuts program, while it's in New York, is broadcast from the roof of the New Amsterdam Theater on 42nd Street, long a haven of musical comedies, revues and other spectacular stage productions. Before the doors of this venerable old Manhattan landmark horses and carriages have stopped to emit passengers bent on seeing the glamorous Anna Held. W. C. Fields and Eddie Cantor have starred on its stage. Now it's a combination movie house and radio theater, the latter being on the top floor.

A newcomer to the Pearce show is Vince Barnett, known as Hollywood's champion "ribber", or practical jokester. You've seen him in innumerable pictures—you'll remember him because he practically always steals the show out from under the star's nose.

Once somebody timed Arlene Harris' rapid-fire word delivery, and discovered that she talks 240 words a minute. Personally, she hates people who talk a lot and say nothing—but her ability to do that very thing has made her the hit of the show. Although it's no secret, some people in the studio audiences are always surprised to find out that Tizzy Lish, who gives those insane cooking lessons, is really a man. "She" is, though—Bill Comstock, just past forty, blue eyed, gray haired.

One reason everybody in the Pearce Gang likes his work is that the show gives him plenty of free travel, and a chance to live on both edges of the continent. The Gang leaves for Hollywood early in April. Al's contract gives him permission to broadcast either from New York or Hollywood, and he avails himself of the option freely.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

CLAIRE NIESEN—no relation to the exotic Gertrude—plays Laura in Her Honor, Nancy James, which you hear on CBS today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12:15, E.S.T.—did such a good job acting a "bit" in this serial program that the authors decided to write in a special part for her—something that almost never happens in radio, so don't get your hopes up—Claire was born in Phoenix, Ariz., but came to New York when she was a small child—has studied at the Feagin School of Dramatics and has appeared on several other CBS programs—is only eighteen years old.

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
2:30	4:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
		12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Story of the Song**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: **Highways to Health**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Highways to Health**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Music for Fun**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Foundations of Democracy**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Angler and Hunter**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **County Seat**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:30	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **Emily Post**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Dick Powell**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **For Men Only**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, The People**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary and Bob**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Benny Goodman**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Doc Rockwell's Brain Trust**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **FIBBER McGEE**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Cal Tinney**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Clifton Fadiman gives his "experts" last-minute instructions.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 28, April 4, 11, 18 and 25:

MARCH 28: Eight-thirty p.m., Dick Powell is star singer and master of ceremonies on his second program—he took it over from Al Jolson last week. CBS.

April 4: Last night to hear Gray Gordon's Orchestra from the Edison Green Room, NBC.

April 11: Nine-thirty p.m.—for a satire on radio's forum and discussion programs, tune in Doc Rockwell's Brain Trust, NBC-Blue.

April 18: Two p.m.—the opening game of the 1939 baseball season, between the New York Yankees and the Boston Red Sox, CBS—weather permitting.

April 25: First preview broadcast from the New York World's Fair, on Mutual. . . . Jan Garber opens tonight at the Hotel New Yorker—listen on CBS and MBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Information Please, on NBC's Blue network at 8:30, was born in the brain of one Dan Golenpaul, a professional idea man who never had a better one. He was listening one night to a quiz program, and got so bored at hearing smug questioners make monkeys out of ordinary folks that he thought up a program on which ordinary folks would quiz the experts. It was as simple as that, and Information Please, with Clifton Fadiman, literary critic of the New Yorker magazine, asking the questions, and sponsored now by Canada Dry, was the result.

The experts are Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran, Oscar Levant as regulars, plus a glamorous guest star each week. Adams, columnist of the New York *Post*, is the Shakespearean authority; he seldom misses on anything connected with the Bard. John Kieran, sports editor of the New York *Times*, is the all-around authority, and generally raises his hand, which indicates that he knows the answer, more than anyone else. Levant, a well-known concert pianist, is the clown of the gang. He lolls all over the long table opposite Fadiman, and sometimes doesn't seem at all interested in what's going on. When he raises his hand, it's wearily.

Information Please is always broadcast from one of NBC's smallest and most intimate studios. A tiny part of the huge RCA Building, it holds only two hundred people, and getting a pair of tickets to the show is about as easy as crashing a White House dinner. Ten minutes before the program goes on the air, the experts are "warmed up" by Fadiman, who shoots a flock of terrible questions at them. The answers are invariably funnier than the ones you hear on the air, but not so censor-proof.

Fadiman, a small be-spectacled man, with a pixie face and a tongue as sharp as Lucifer's sword, is an authority on many subjects himself, and often knows the answers without looking at the card in his hand. The experts think his is a soft job, just asking questions, but in order to seem as bright as the other boys he has to be on his toes and try to top their gags.

The query most often submitted by listeners is "What are the seven wonders of the world?" It's never been used—too easy. Many self-styled humorists send in questions like "What is the best state for fresh pork?—New Ham Sure." Such questions go into the nearest waste-basket.

The experts like being on the show, but are annoyed by the fact that they've suddenly become celebrities. Kieran has hired two bodyguards to stave off people who phone in to his office or come in personally to ask him for answers to questions they've been arguing about.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

ELEANOR PHELPS—who plays the crusading Dr. Susan Chandler in the CBS serial, Life and Love of Dr. Susan, on the air at 2:15 today in the East, 1:15 in the Midwest, 3:15 in the Rockies, and 2:15 on the coast—Eleanor's father was the French consul in Baltimore, where she was born—she went to Vassar, and when George Arliss played a theatrical engagement in Poughkeepsie, asked him how she'd go about being an actress—he discouraged her, but a few years later she was playing Jessica in his production of "The Merchant of Venice"—this is her first big radio role, but she's been in Broadway plays.

(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!

April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"

Spring in the Garden is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin —with Pond's."

Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! JEAN STARK (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

FOLLOW TODAY'S SMART SKIN CARE—

NOW YOU CAN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO YOUR SKIN*

Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.

Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. MISS LUCY ARMISTEAD FLIPPIN, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so *make-up looks glamorous!*"

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

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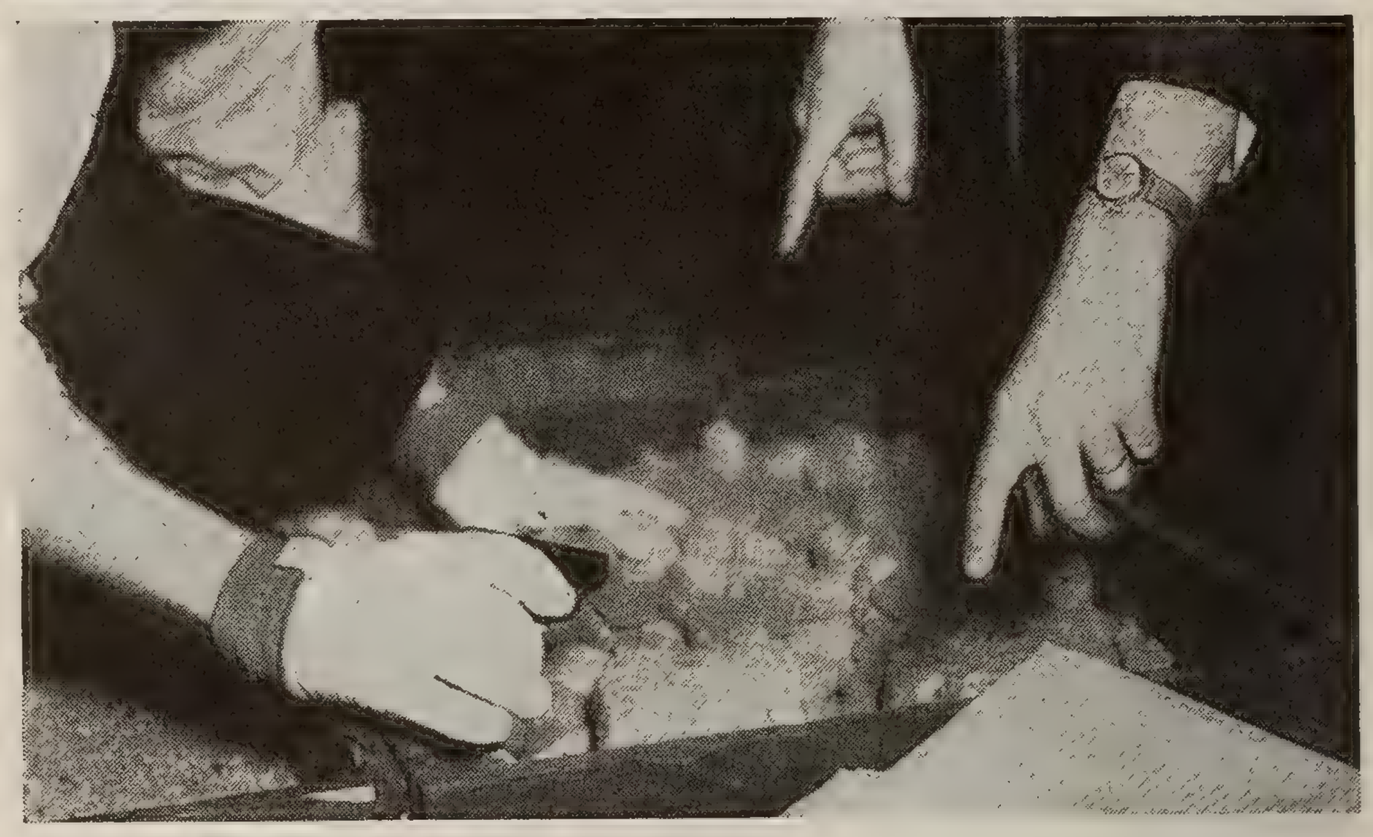
Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red. **The Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
1:00			
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
1:15			
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30			
1:15	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
12:30			
	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00			
	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15			
	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
9:00			
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15			
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30			
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45			
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00			
	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15			
	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
11:00			
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Your Health**
	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15			
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30			
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45			
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald**
	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00			
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Indianapolis Symphony**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15			
	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15			
1:15	3:15	4:15	MBS: **Time Out for Dancing**
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **So You Want to Be**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Our American Schools**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Rose Marie**
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **County Seat**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS. **Ask-it-Basket**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **GANG BUSTERS**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **TOWN HALL TONIGHT**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue **Wings for the Martins**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **99 Men and a Girl**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Edgar A. Guest**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Gang Busters' sound-effects: this is a convict on a rock-pile.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 29, April 5, 12 and 19:

MARCH 29: Hal Kemp's band opens at the Empire Room of the Waldorf Hotel—you'll hear him on CBS and MBS.

April 5: Blue Barron's orchestra opens at the Green Room of the Edison Hotel—late at night broadcasts on NBC.

April 12: The feud between Ned Sparks and Horatio the parrot continues—the Texaco Star Theater at 9:00, CBS.

April 19: For track fans: the Boston Marathon race, on NBC.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Gang Busters, on CBS at 8:00, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast that reaches the West at 9:00, P.S.T.—the program that's supposed to strike terror into the hearts of criminals everywhere. Whether it does or not, it ought to—the famous Gang Buster clues, broadcast near the end of each program, have so far led to the apprehension of 110 criminals since the show has been on the air.

Gang Busters originated in the fertile brain of Phillips H. Lord, who used to have a lot of fun running the program, but who now spends more time on another brain child, We, the People. He still owns Gang Busters, but hires Harry Frazee, once of Broadway, to direct it.

Most of CBS Studio 3, in the CBS building at 485 Madison Avenue, where the broadcast originates, is cluttered and crowded with sound-effects devices—crazy looking gadgets, too complicated to describe, but able to create the illusion of snow being shoveled, rain pouring down, bodies being dragged over the ground, and so on. Shots fired on the program are actually fired, with blank cartridges. Ray Kramer is the sound-effects man in charge.

Gang Busters has no audience. On the air, the illusion is created that it originates in a police office. It doesn't, but it could—New York Police Commissioner Valentine has given Lord permission to broadcast from his private office any time Lord likes.

The program has a list of actors that includes New York's best "accent" men—actors who can assume a variety of different accents. One week Ed McDonald played the part of a killer, the police officer tracking down the killer, and at last the judge sentencing the criminal. Any one listening in would have sworn the three parts were taken by three different actors. Women are a rare sight in Gang Busters casts, and when a feminine character appears the other actors always assume a superior air, because the poor girl shudders at the gun fire and finally resorts to cotton wool in her ears except when she's at the mike.

Colonel Norman Schwartzkopf, former head of the New Jersey State Police, introduces the program every week and presents, in dramatic form, the true story of some crime. He's a gray-haired, athletic-looking chap, who looks very much the criminal tracker-downer, and gets a huge kick out of the program. Frazee has taught him to read lines effectively since his debut a couple of years ago.

In many cities police chiefs insist that all members of the force listen to Gang Busters every week. But it's the average citizen who usually picks up a Gang Busters clue and sends police on a trail that leads to eventual capture of the criminal. In cases like this, Gang Busters always gives credit to the police and stays in the background, for the reason that the law is so helpful in digging up cases for Gang Busters to do on the air, and the program wants to stay friends and not hog all the credit.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

JEANNETTE CHINLEY—the luckiest actress in the world, according to Jeannette herself—plays Libby, the mysterious impostor, in The Goldbergs, CBS at 1:00 this afternoon, E.S.T., and got the job in competition with fifty other actresses—won her first radio job because she could out-scream other aspirants—acquired her first Broadway stage part by a chance meeting in an elevator with producer Max Gordon—but the best luck of all, she says, was her decision to desert the career of a concert pianist for the drama—she's titian haired and in her early twenties.

(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)

"You can't go out like that!" she gasped

I'll never forget Jean's face when she saw that old leather pocketbook! She couldn't have looked more startled if I'd appeared in hip boots. "Sally!"—she gasped—"You can't go out like that! That valise looks dreadful with your new silver dress! Where's your brocade evening bag?"

"Listen," I snapped: "I know this looks awful. But I don't happen to be a magician! I can't cram powder, lipstick, keys —*and* a sanitary napkin—into that little brocade bag. It just wasn't made for a crisis like this!"

Jean just laughed. "But you're not going for the week-end, dopey! I'll give you a Modess pad—and you'll feel safe enough without an extra one. Wait—let me show you something that should calm your fear of embarrassing accidents . . ."

And she certainly did! She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and poured water on it! Not a drop went through! I saw that I could rely on Modess for greater safety.

"Better yet," she added, "you'll have about the most *comfortable* evening you've ever known! Look at this soft, fluffy Modess filler! See the difference between 'fluff-type' Modess, and those 'layer-type' pads you've been buying!"

So—I carried my swank little brocade bag, completely reassured . . . Jean was awake when I got back and she declares I raved more about Modess than I did about the party! And why not! It's a great day in a woman's life when she discovers a sanitary napkin that's both *softer* and *safer* . . . yet costs as little as Modess does!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Four**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
2:30	4:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
		12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Social Science**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **SCHOOL OF THE AIR**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Sonata Recital**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
		:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Fairy Stories**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **County Seat**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
5:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Joe Penner**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Parade of Progress**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS OF 1939**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Walter O'Keefe**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Minstrel Show**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Ted Collins and Kate Smith relax at rehearsal with some coffee.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 30, April 6, 13 and 20:

MARCH 30: Skinnay Ennis' Orchestra opens for another season at the Victor Hugo Cafe in Beverly Hills, Calif., MBS.

April 6: Army Day . . . the networks have special shows scheduled. . . . Kay Kyser and his band open the Pennsylvania Hotel Roof, NBC. . . . Eddy Duchin's orchestra starts an engagement at the Palmer House, Chicago, CBS and MBS.

April 13: Ten-thirty to-night—a National Safety Program, with Eddie Cantor, CBS.

April 20: Another baseball game—Yankees vs. Red Sox—CBS, weather permitting.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Kate Smith Hour, on CBS at 8:00, E.S.T., with a rebroadcast reaching the West at 8:30, P.S.T.—the climax of the longest day any radio star puts in.

It's eight-thirty any Thursday morning, and already things are starting in CBS Radio Theater No. 2, smack in the middle of Broadway's theater section. Kate Smith herself is still absent, but the orchestra is beginning a solid three hours of rehearsal. Jack Miller, Kate's band-leader, has been busy all week, arranging music and writing original scores when needed, and now the men of the orchestra are getting their first look at his work. A few hours of rehearsal is all they need for a perfect performance, for some of radio's top-notchers are in this band—Charlie Margolis, trumpet; Jack Jenney, trombone; Johnny Williams, drums; Jack Zayde, violin, to mention just a few.

It's ten, and Kate arrives from her Park Avenue apartment, going straight to her private dressing room. Ted Collins is here now too, and he and Kate go over Kate's script for her noonday commentating show for Diamond Salt. By noon the orchestra has finished rehearsal and left, and Kate steps out on the stage, wearing a white bungalow apron over her dress. With her are Ted Collins and her guest, the stage or screen star who is also to be on the program tonight. Kate gives her fifteen-minute talk—then hustles back to the dressing room for more conferences, and for lunch, which she always brings with her in a basket.

At one-thirty the orchestra drifts back, Ted Straeter's choir arrives, and the afternoon rehearsal goes on until after five. Kate has already rehearsed her songs, on Tuesday and on Saturday; now she fits them to the orchestral accompaniment. The Aldrich Family sketch, Abbott and Costello's comedy skit, and the guest star's dramatic spot are fitted into the whole show, which is then timed.

Back in her dressing room, Kate takes a shower, changes into an evening dress, drinks a cup of tea or coffee. Ted Collins goes to his dressing room, calls in a barber for a shave and haircut, changes from the gray slacks and blue polo-shirt which are his invariable rehearsal costume into white tie and tails.

After the first broadcast, from eight to nine, Kate and Ted and sometimes the guest star have dinner sent in from a nearby restaurant and sit around talking or listening to other programs on Kate's radio until eleven-thirty, time for the West Coast show. It's usually one-thirty or two before Kate leaves the theater.

Seventy-two people, counting the orchestra and the vocal chair, are needed to get the Kate Smith Hour on the air every Thursday for the sponsors, Calumet Baking Powder and Swansdown Flour. Collins is the only man in radio who's producer, manager and announcer, all three, of a program.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

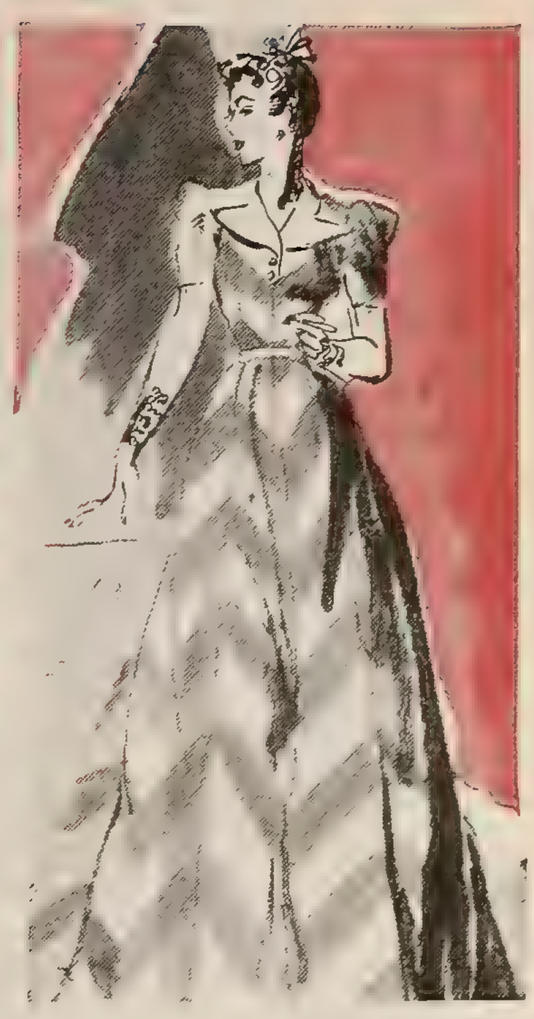
VIRGINIA JONES—called "Ginger" by her friends—who plays Mildred in The Carters of Elm Street on NBC-Red at noon, E.S.T.—two years ago was working as a ballet dancer and dreaming of the time she'd be a dramatic star—now achieves her ambition via radio—she's a blue-eyed blonde—gets mike fright something fierce every time she begins a broadcast—but says she can ride in the back seat of an automobile going eighty miles an hour without turning a hair—doesn't seem to make sense, somehow, but there it is—was born twenty-three years ago in Kinderhook, Illinois—and weighs 118 pounds.

(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)

Nails in The New Cutex CAMEO

Alix

Beige suit over net blouse—softly tailored by Alix. With it, she suggests nails in feminine Cutex CAMEO.



Lelong

Shirtmaker glorified by Lelong—in green and white satin. He recommends nails in soft Cutex CEDARWOOD.

Four Paris Dressmakers

SPONSOR THE NEW CUTEX CAMEO AND CEDARWOOD

Lanvin

Lanvin fantasy in blue net paneled from neck to hem with tiny ruching. She suggests nails in fragile Cutex CAMEO.

PARIS says you're going to look more feminine than ever this summer . . . even your slickest swimming suit will sport tiny, enchanting ruffles. And Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix agree that the newest Cutex nail shades—CAMEO and CEDARWOOD—are perfect partners for all this new femininity!

The new Cutex CAMEO is a fragile mauvy-pink . . . custom-made for summer pastels—lovely with mimosa, écru, tawny brown, mauve, every shade of blue.

The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is slightly deeper—a light rose with a tint of lavender that makes it the season's "must" with blues, fuchsia, pinks, greens, beige.

Hail the summer with a delicate petal at every finger tip! Wear the new Cutex CAMEO or CEDARWOOD!

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris

NEW CUTEX
Salon Type Polish

Schiaparelli

Schiaparelli's navy ensemble—jonquil lining. She recommends nails in Cutex CEDARWOOD.

OTHER EXCITING NEW CUTEX SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

ORCHID: Perfect with fuchsia, mauve, blue, pink, yellow, green.

HEATHER: For violet, wine, blue, gray, green, yellow.

CLOVER: For all the new colors except orange tones.

OLD ROSE: For blues, pinks, yellow, brown, black.

LAUREL: Smart with rose, blue, gray, mauve, pastels.

THISTLE: Perfect with gray, beige, brown, navy, green.

WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish. Based on a new principle, it is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days more perfect wear.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Smile Parade**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
1:15	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
12:30	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **MUSIC APPRECIATION**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
2:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Keyboard Concert**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Men Behind the Stars**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **March of Games**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Invitation to Romance**
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **County Seat**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Bert Lytell**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
7:45	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler**
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Jack Haley**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
	7:00	8:00	MBS: **What's My Name**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Warden Lawes**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Jamboree**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **March of Time**
9:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Orson Welles holds a first rehearsal of a Friday-night script.

Tune-In Bulletin for March 24, 31, April 7, 14 and 21:

MARCH 24: Say goodby to two favorite serial programs today—Don Winslow at 5:30 and Tom Mix at 5:45, both on NBC-Blue—they'll be back next fall.

March 31: A new show for your approval —Bob Ripley starring on CBS at 10:30 P.M., starting tonight. . . . Henry Armstrong fights at Madison Square Garden tonight—listen on NBC-Blue at 10:00, E.S.T.

April 7: Those fascinating Liberty Magazine short-short stories are dramatized on NBC-Blue at 7:00 tonight—with Bert Lytell in the starring roles.

April 14: Time to laugh—tune in Burns and Allen at 8:30 on CBS.

April 21: The New York Giants open their season in New York, playing Philadelphia.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Campbell Playhouse, starring Orson Welles, on CBS from 9:00 to 10:00—one of radio's most satisfactory dramatic programs.

Even if you're a New Yorker, or come to New York on a visit, you'll never see a Campbell Playhouse broadcast. It's one of the few big-time programs that doesn't go in for studio audiences, and it would take something like a Supreme Court order to get you into the studio. Young Mr. Welles maintains that he's putting on a show for radio listeners, not for people to watch, and that an audience would spoil the illusion. He's an experienced illusion-maker (remember those Martians?) so he must know what he's talking about.

The Campbell Playhouse goes on the air from Columbia's Studio X, which your Snooper is sure you've never heard about before now. Studio X is the ballroom of Liederkranz Hall, an old-fashioned red brick building on 58th Street. Its ceiling is decorated with fat pink cupids riding on gilded clouds, and the whole thing is very magnificent and not a bit modern—yet the room has better acoustic properties than many a scientifically constructed sound studio. In one section of the vast room CBS has built a small studio, complete with windows and a roof of its own. The actors work in it, while the orchestra and some of the sound-effects are outside, in the hall itself.

Orson Welles stands on a platform beside a window, inside the small studio, where he can keep one eye on the orchestra, one on the actors, one on the sound effects, one— Well, the idea is that he sees everything that's going on, and gives all the cues himself.

Three and sometimes four sound-effects men are kept busy by the show. Crowd noises are usually done outside the small studio, normal sound-effects inside. Actors who are working in crowd noises and also playing parts often have to run like mad from the inner studio to the outer one, and vice versa.

Regulars on the Campbell Playhouse cast, heard every Friday, are Ray Collins, star of CBS's County Seat serial; Alice Frost, star of Big Sister; Myron McCormick, who has been in fourteen Broadway productions and has a leading part in the new movie, " . . . one third of a nation . . . "; Everett Sloane, who is Sammy in The Goldbergs and Louis in Big Sister; and Carl Frank, who is Bob Deering in Her Honor, Nancy James.

Orson loves to work and has energy enough for ten ordinary people. While he was on tour with his own production of "Five Kings", which he edited himself from material in half-a-dozen of Shakespeare's plays, he rushed back to New York every Friday to direct and play in that week's broadcast.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

CATHERINE McCUNE—who came all the way from Honolulu to be one of Chicago's foremost radio actresses —plays the role of Clara Potts on Columbia's serial, Scattergood Baines, broadcast in the East at 11:15 this morning and in the West at 2:00 this afternoon, Western time—was almost a child prodigy, getting her high school diploma at the age of 14—was educated in California, and was prominent for years in Pacific Coast radio productions as well as in stage productions—toured with Katharine Cornell and was with De Wolfe Hopper in "The Mikado."

(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE FRANCES LANGFORD'S

Here's how to look Your Loveliest!

Radio Star, now appearing on the "Texaco Star Theatre"

Use MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP...keyed to the color of your eyes!

1

ANN: Choose *face powder* by the color of your *eyes?* I never heard of such a thing!

RUTH: It's a wonderful new way, Ann, and it applies to rouge and lipstick, too! Do try it! Really, with Marvelous Matched Makeup you look lovelier *instantly!*

2

ANN: With your *brown* eyes, it's *perfect,* Ruth! But what about *me,* with *gray* eyes?

RUTH: Whether your eyes are gray, blue, hazel or brown, the Marvelous people have the right shades for you, Ann! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

3

ANN: And they found proper cosmetic shades depend on *eye* color, Ruth?

RUTH: Yes! And so they created Marvelous Powder, Rouge and Lipstick keyed to your true personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*

4

RUTH: Marvelous Matched Makeup is what we've all been looking for, Ann! The powder is simply wonderful—clings for hours—never cakes or looks "powdery"! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it gives your skin a beautiful suede-like finish!

5

RUTH: You'll adore the rouge and lipstick, too, Ann! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective—yet its color lasts and lasts!

ANN: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony,* get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)

55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City — MF-539

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:45	NBC-Blue **Jack and Loretta**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Montana Slim**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Saturday Morning Club**
	8:25	9:25	CBS: **News**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hill Billy Champions**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Four Corners Theater**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Florence Hale**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents**
	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Symphony Concert**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Internationale**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Betty Moore**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music**
		12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Education Forum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Cloutier Orch.**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Moods for Moderns**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Campus Notes**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Frank Dailey Orch.**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Kavelin Orch.**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Al Roth**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Erskin Hawkins Orch.**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Cosmopolitan Rhythm**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Youth Meets Government**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Southwestern Stars**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
3:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: **Dance Orchestra**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Saturday Swing Session**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Americans At Work**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
9:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Joe E. Brown**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
4:30	5:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Lives of Great Men**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **JOHNNY PRESENTS**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **TOMMY RIGGS**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Brent House**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Phil Baker**
8:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Vox Pop**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Hall of Fun**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **NBC-SYMPHONY**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Dance Music**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS

■ Complete with Hawaiian background: Phil Baker and "Bottle."

Tune-In Bulletin for March 25, April 1, 8, 15 and 22:

MARCH 25: Mutual has an hour-long short-wave broadcast from London, put on by the British Broadcasting Company—three to four this afternoon, E.S.T.

Guest stars on Walter Gross' Swing Club, CBS, at 6:30, are Kay Thompson and Jack Jenney.

April 1: Those waggish networks are celebrating April Fool's Day today.

April 8: Emil Coleman opens tonight on the Waldorf's Starlight Roof—with a CBS wire. . . . Joe Zuti opens at the Nicollet Hotel, Minneapolis—another CBS wire.

April 15: Must-listen for baseball fans —Play Ball, Mutual's yearly tour of the big baseball centers, featuring interviews with the big-league managers and players. Seven-thirty to eight tonight.

April 22: Hedda Hopper, of the movies, stars tonight in Brent House, a weekly serial on NBC-Blue at 8:30.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Honolulu Bound, with Phil Baker (and his accordion), Bottle, his "valet", The Man in the Box, Johnny Pineapple, the Andrews Sisters, and Eddie DeLange's orchestra with Elisse Cooper—on CBS at 9:00, E.S.T. Its home is CBS Radio Theater No. 4, the medium-sized one, a handsome red, gold and ivory auditorium. The stage backdrop for the program is a painted strip of Waikiki Beach, with Diamond Head in the far distance—which is unusual in radio shows. Usually they use drapes or acoustically treated white panels. The Hawaiian atmosphere is part of what they call in radio "sponsor identification." Hawaii, you know, is where pineapples grow. Honolulu Bound's sponsor is the Hawaiian Pineapple Co. Get it?

Johnny Pineapple, who reads comedy lines and sings an occasional song on the program, is more sponsor identification. He's a native Hawaiian, named David Kaonohi, who studied at the Oregon State Agricultural College but soon dropped that to form a Hawaiian orchestra, which he still leads between broadcasts.

Because Phil Baker is one of radio's most dignified and reserved comedians, Ben Larson, the producer of the program, calls him "Mr. Baker" and he returns the compliment with a "Mr. Larson." Phil takes his radio work seriously—paces the stage nervously between sessions at the mike.

McNaughton lives in Great Neck with his bride of almost a year, the former Marion Turpie, champ golfer. Harry's a crack golfer himself, and since he's been married his handicap has fallen from 12, which is good, to 7, which is remarkable.

The Man in the Box, who is none other than your old friend Beetle, the ghost, in the flesh, actually sits in one of the theater boxes, with a microphone of his own over which he can heckle Baker. He's Ward Wilson, who likes the present arrangement better than when he was Beetle.

Both McNaughton and Eddie DeLange have had costume-trouble on Honolulu Bound. McNaughton's sick of the bright-blue butler's costume he's worn for so many years, and when Honolulu Bound opened he thought he'd persuaded the sponsor to let him wear striped trousers and a morning coat. He hadn't, though—after the first broadcast they came around and asked him please, as a favor, to wear the monkey-suit. DeLange wears radio's strangest rehearsal costume—a sleeveless sweatshirt, a red bandanna around his neck, slacks, and a red corduroy "lumberjack" cap. The wish of his heart is to wear the same getup during a broadcast, but he isn't allowed to—has to wear a palm beach suit, with a necktie.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

KAY LORRAINE—Ash-blonde singer on Your Hit Parade, on CBS tonight at 10:00—was chosen to be the Parade's featured star after 207 other girls had auditioned for the job—born in St. Louis, she studied piano seven years and guitar three years in hopes of getting into a band after she finished at exclusive Rosati-Kain school—got into a band, but as a singer—had her own program, Lyrics by Lorraine, on KMOX when the Lucky Strike people heard of her—is married to Ray Sweeney, script writer whom she met while she was at KMOX—sang in hotels and night clubs before joining the KMOX staff.

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 64 for the answers.

1. **Omnisciency—omniciency—omnitiency.** Universal knowledge or learning.
2. **Harelip—hairlip—heirlip.** A congenitally divided lip; commonly an upper one.
3. **Sparcity — sparceity — sparsity.** Scantiness; want of plenty.
4. **Piccililli — piccalilli — picalilli.** A pickle of chopped vegetables and pungent spices.
5. **Sherbet — shurbet — sherbert.** A water ice.
6. **Skeedaddle—skedaddle—skidaddle.** To scurry; to scamper.
7. **Marriageable—marrageable—marriagable.** Of an age at which marriage is allowable.
8. **Aseverations—asseverations—asservations.** Positive affirmations.
9. **Decalcomania—dechalcomania—dicalcomania.** Act or process of transferring pictures or designs by a special method.
10. **Percolators—perculators—percolaters.** Coffee pots in which coffee is made by the filter method.
11. **Dentafrice — dentrifice — dentifrice.** A preparation used in cleaning teeth.
12. **Dutchee — duchy — dutchy.** The territory or dominions of a duke.
13. **Languerous—languorous—langorous.** Listless; indolent.
14. **Nihilism—niahilism—nihillism.** A destructive social doctrine.
15. **Objergate—objugate—objurgate.** To chide; to reprove.
16. **Quidnunk—quidnunc—quidnunck.** A gossip; a curious person.
17. **Horral — houral — horal.** Hourly; of or pertaining to the hours.
18. **Maxillary—maxilary—maxalarry.** Pertaining to the jaw bone (loosely).
19. **Baccanalian — bacchanalian — bachanalian.** Characterized by reveling and drunkenness.
20. **Pretterist — pretorist — preterist.** One who lives in the past.
21. **Gimmick — gimac — gimmic.** A piece of apparatus used in magic.
22. **Mettatarsis—metatarsus—metatarsis.** The part of the foot which in man forms the instep.
23. **Marquise—marquees—marquises.** Canopies projecting over entrances, as of theaters, for example.
24. **Dossier—doscier—docier.** A collection of detailed information, usually concerning a criminal or criminals.
25. **Armadilloes—armadillos—armadiloes.** Animals having bodies and heads encased in armor of bony plates.

I TOLD YOU THAT MARRIAGE WOULD HIT THE ROCKS . . .

SUSAN: Mercy me, this telegram says our newlyweds are in trouble again! Mollie wants to pack her bags and come here.

MATILDA: I told you that marriage would hit the rocks if she didn't get wise to herself. Come on—we haven't a minute to lose!

SUSAN: But I'm scared to death of these flying machines. Why can't we send Mollie a telegram instead?

MATILDA: Don't be a ninny! I've told her a million times Jack wouldn't nag so much if she'd only keep tattle-tale gray out of his shirts and things. Now I'm going to *show* her how to do it.

SUSAN: H-m-m-m! I'm not frightened a bit any more. We ought to do more flying, Matilda.

MATILDA: The next flying we'll do is on our feet—straight to Mollie's and then to her grocer's. Once she stops using those weak-kneed soaps that leave dirt behind—and changes to Fels-Naptha Soap—she'll be rid of tattle-tale gray in a jiffy!

MOLLIE: Hey, forget those dancers a minute and look at Jack's shirt. It's just marvelous how white my washes look since Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* went to work for me. Not a trace of tattle-tale gray now!

JACK: That isn't *all* the good news, darling. Did you tell these two cupids we're taking another honeymoon cruise?

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wed. night. See local paper for time and station.

FUSSY HUSBANDS EAT LEFT-OVERS AND LOVE THEM

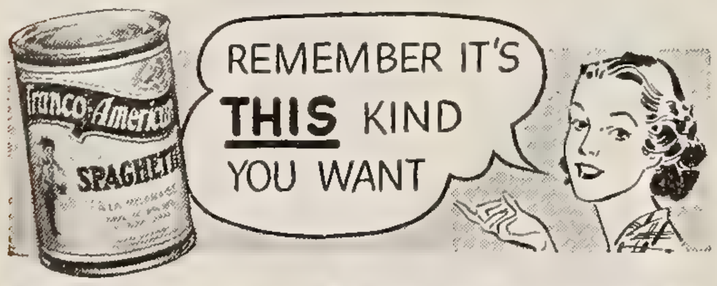
prepared this savory way!

HAVE you some left-over meat, some cooked vegetables? Make Crispy Meat Patties (recipe below)—see how tempting and flavorful! For Franco-American Spaghetti with its wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce (made with *eleven* different ingredients) transforms left-overs into luxury dishes. Serve Franco-American as a main dish, too. It's highly nourishing, rich in energy. No work to prepare, simply heat. A can (3 to 4 portions) costs only ten cents.

CRISPY MEAT PATTIES

½ cup bread crumbs
1 cup chopped, cooked vegetables (carrots, beets, peas)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup ground left-over meat
1 egg, slightly beaten with 1½ tablespoons cold water
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti

Chop Franco-American Spaghetti fine and mix with vegetables, Worcestershire, salt and ground meat. Shape into cakes, dip in bread crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs. Chill 20 minutes in refrigerator. Sauté in hot fat (375°F.) 1 inch deep in a heavy frying pan until brown on each side. Drain on absorbent paper.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for **FREE** *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 45
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Land of the Free

(*Continued from page* 11)

efforts (three guns to one) it is plain that they believe they can bluff the individuals in a Democracy out of their freedom—or that the individuals in a Democracy are afraid to fight for it.

In each case—they are mistaken. Firstly, the bluff of building armaments finds the people of the Democracies united, for no thinking man would ask his brother to face a madman, without guns. Secondly, men in this Democracy cannot be bluffed out of their freedom, because no real American could live without it. And, finally, it is the historic mistake of Dictators, that they believe a nation, united by arms, can triumph over a nation united in spirit.

* * *

Anthony Eden will always be affectionately remembered as the one Foreign Secretary—who *didn't take dictation.*

* * *

A century and a half ago, the founders of America dreamed a great dream. They dreamed of passing down to their children the priceless gifts of the New World, personal liberty and religious freedom, through a Constitution which would stand the test of time. They brought to their work their best wisdom, for they knew that a man's ideals are his only *real* legacy. They knew that a nation cannot live if it cannot grow, and that it cannot grow if its soul is in prison. They saw that the freedom of the nation rested on the freedom of its smallest man. And further, they saw that the new nation could exist *only* if the people accepted it in their hearts. And so they wisely decided that the way to bring America to *all* was to give it to *each!*

Then, they proclaimed to the world that in this new country, no man could be punished except for his own fault, and that his soul was as free as he chose to make it. They proclaimed that before the law of *this* land, all men were equal, regardless of race, color or religious belief.

Deliberately, these men staked the future of America on respect for the Individual. Deliberately, they ruled that no law could be made for *one man* that did not apply to *all men!* Deliberately, they placed the hope of the nation in each man's soul. And *deliberately*—they depended on the response from the dignity of each man's spirit. The long years have vindicated the faith of our nation's founders. Today, their work is America's indestructible foundation. Today, the Constitution is held sacred by every American—because every American is held sacred by his Constitution! And they have proved, forever, that the only way to build a *permanent* nation is to put the cornerstone in each man's heart.

* * *

Every American should look about him and weigh what it means to be an American. Lest we forget, we should remind ourselves that the America of today stands for 150 years of effort. Lest we forget, we should remember that the land and institutions we enjoy today are the result of the combined work of almost every race and creed in the world—all resolved to leave America better than they found it.

For America has grown great because it protected the lowly. America has grown mighty, because it was humble in spirit. Our greatest heroes, Washington and Lincoln, are exalted—because they were human.

We should all be thankful that in Civilization's darkest hour, our Country is the land that stands for Freedom, Tolerance, and the Dignity of Man. That to the bewildered, oppressed and homeless, our country is the living proof that men of all races and creeds may live as neighbors. And, out of our thankfulness, we too should resolve to bequeath an America greater than when it was given to us. So that our children's children, one hundred and fifty years from now, will be thankful that we were thankful!

* * *

The people who kick about *our* Government should try living under governments that kick the people!

* * *

AS you know, from reading your front pages, Mankind is in a death race. The jockeys are the Governments of Europe. Under the whip and the bayonet, they are forcing *their* people to manufacture and shoulder guns. And they are using old feuds, under *new* colors, to spur on their younger generation, so that *their* younger generation will demand dying, in the name of phoney glory.

In the final analysis, ladies and gentlemen, that is *their* problem, not ours. Europe's only hope is to fool Americans with propaganda. We once got into one of their brawls, and for reasons not quite clear—although the years have clarified the issue. The only thing worth fighting for—is America! As for their theories, the Americans have a word for them—"Bunk!" B, as in Baloney—U, as in U-said-it—N, as in Nothing Doing—and K, as in Horsefeathers. The President is right! America *must* rearm—not because Americans like force, but to stop others from forcing Americans to like *any*thing!

"Archie," chief heckler on CBS's Sunday show, "This Is New York," is Ed Gardner, the show's producer

Over one thousand, nine hundred and thirty-eight years ago, a Man was born, whose simple teachings and ideals are the measure of how much Man has failed. For Mankind has erected a complicated Civilization and has invented all kinds of machinery to make his physical life better. But in doing so, Man has multiplied the ills of his spirit. For, as a race, we have tried nearly everything but the simple lesson of the Great Teacher: Do Unto Others as You Would Have Others Do Unto You.

But He urged all to have faith and hope. . . . And the only faith and hope left—is that all men will finally accept His charity in their hearts.

* * *

I sincerely believe that the teaching of all religions is this: That if a man has faith in his own belief, he will believe in another man's faith!

* * *

TONIGHT your newsboy is microphoning from the beautiful and tropical Southland, at Miami Beach, Florida, where Broadway and many New Yorkers flee in the wintertime. And once more, ladies and gentlemen, what Americans regard as commonplace, demonstrates the majesty of this country. For a journey of the same distance in Europe would involve at least four passports and six spy systems. But from the pines in the North to the palms in the South, we are a United People.

Every possible variation of nature, from the snow-capped peaks to the sun-kissed beaches, makes America a natural miracle. And the man-made miracle is that our Constitution makes it available to all. Our United States have a thousand borders, with refugees hurrying over *none* of them. Our cities provide a thousand camps —to receive vacationists, not the politically persecuted. And no passports are needed—because the only duties of our American police are to assist the traveler on his way.

* * *

Be glad that we all have a President who puts the Dictators in their place—instead of trying to take his place with the Dictators.

* * *

Each man may worship, in America, in his own way. Until the dark clouds of Dictatorships came, this was regarded as a self-evident rule of Civilization. Common-sense told us that there could be no greater impudence than for a government to dictate what forms were acceptable to the Almighty. All history teaches that it fails in jurisdiction—as it fails in practice.

For God, to all people, only begins when all that man can bring has failed. No cabinet can comfort a sick child in the night. Nor did any group of legislators ever heal a mother's heart. And no Dictator can give relief—from a guilty conscience!

And so let us rejoice that our Country recognizes the limitations of government, for our Constitution guarantees that no man will be harmed because of his religious beliefs. But let us thank God, and God alone, that the soul he gave each of us is beyond the power of *all* of us. And that the law within each man is stronger than all governments without law. Heavy guns can stop a fleet. Barbed wire can stop an army. Gas bombs can terrorize a city. But, Mr. and Mrs. America—they *cannot stop a people's prayers!*

"**Suffering cats, Judy,** did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll *all* be in the doghouse!"

"**Now, Joan,** keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."

". . . **that's a prickly** heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now. . ."

"**Look at Daddy**—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . ."Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has". . ."Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"**Feel a pinch** of our Johnson's—isn't it slick? Such nice soft, soft talc—and no orris-root either. Won't you get some? It's such an inexpensive way to make a baby happy!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES MARY STAY SO RESTED? SHE'S ALREADY DRIVEN OVER 400 MILES!"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.

Beech-Nut

Visit the Beech-Nut Building at the New York World's Fair. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, N.Y. and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

You Can't Take Life Away from ALEC TEMPLETON

Although blind from birth, Alec never found himself handicapped. He's enjoyed life to the full.

By ANNEMARIE EWING

LISTEN to Alec Templeton's cheerful voice as he announces his own piano contributions to one of the numerous programs which frequently have him as a guest star. Listen, for instance, while he swaps banter with Bing Crosby on the Kraft Music Hall.

Or watch him at rehearsal—a slender, brown-haired young man who is always the center of a group of laughing people.

Or on the beach at Seaside Park, New Jersey, where he spends the summers, discussing sports, politics, radio, movies, sunburn cures, "swing" music with his neighbors. You couldn't miss it. Alec Templeton is having a wonderful time out of life.

Yet there are many people who might say, "What's he got to be so happy about?" And at first you might think they are right, because Alec Templeton has been blind from birth.

"Life wouldn't be worth living!" perhaps you'd say. "I'd rather be dead than face life with such a handicap!"

That isn't the way Alec looks at it.

For blindness has never been a handicap to him. He has never thought of himself as handicapped, which may be one of the reasons why others do not think of him that way. And one of the reasons why life, to him, is so worth while.

He doesn't find anything remarkable about this attitude of his. He never indicates at all that he considers himself unusual for having become a radio headliner, an international personality, a great artist, a joy to his family, a charming friend and good companion in spite of being blind.

The story goes way back—nearly twenty-five years—to the time when Alec was four.

Naturally, he had already discovered that there were things he could not do because he couldn't see. But he had also discovered, for one thing, that he could make very pretty sounds on his mother's piano in the parlor and, for another, that he knew some things better than other people for the very reason that he couldn't see.

He knew the garden better than his brother and his two sisters did. He knew the smell of the ripening berries which they never noticed. He knew the exact rhythm of the hoofs of Dolly, the pony. He was aware of the quiet good night sounds of the nursery as few children are. Nothing was too slight for his eager ears to note.

He put it all into a happy little song one day—a song which he called "Mother's Lullaby." It was his first expression of what he thought of a world which might very well have seemed to him a very hostile, unhappy place. But didn't.

That little song made his whole family realize that his blindness was never going to be a handicap to Alec. Rather a help and an asset.

It only remained for more people to find this out.

One of the first to do so was the conductor of the symphony orchestra in his native Cardiff, Wales.

He needed a soloist for a local concert. Rather apologetically, he said to Alec's mother, "I'd love to have Alec. But there's less than a week before the concert. He'd never be able to learn. . . ."

The sixteen-year-old boy didn't even let him finish.

"I can do it. I don't have to use notes. You bring me the phonograph

records and I'll play the concerto for you tomorrow!"

He did, too. In one day he learned the "Emperor" concerto of Beethoven —a composition which takes more than half an hour to play and one to which most students devote a year's study.

And he learned it just from listening to the phonograph records. The conductor, amazed, could only say, "Why he learns more quickly without eyes than most people do with them!"

Blindness a handicap? Not to Alec Templeton!

It was no handicap to him at Worcester College, either, where he made a brilliant record in languages, learned to swim, and to look forward to his "holidays" as much as any other collegian.

Nor at the Royal College of Music in London where he studied to give his first piano concert in London's famous Aeolian Hall.

BUT just playing other people's music wasn't enough for Alec Templeton. He wanted, above all, to express his own complete joy in living, his understanding of everything that went on around him. Just because he couldn't see was no reason, in his mind, why he should not be able to grasp the personality of, say, some French cabaret singer. Or the annoyance of a man who was having trouble with his "wireless."

He amused himself by doing his own impressions of such people at the piano—describing things about them that were not always apparent to those who could see.

Jack Hylton, the English orchestra leader, heard him doing this one night at a party at the Templetons' Kensington home.

"I've never heard anybody do that on the piano," was his immediate reaction. "I'd like you to play with my orchestra."

That was just the beginning. Soon the name Alec Templeton was known all over Europe.

In America, it was the same story. Audiences at the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center heard him, paused a moment in delighted surprise, and then clamored for more Templeton.

People still do that. They stand around his piano in radio studios between rehearsals, clamoring for more Templeton. They bag him to do his imitation of Louis Armstrong's trumpet, of two pianos playing "Lost," of Boake Carter singing "Goody Goody."

This last, by the way, is one of Alec's favorite impersonations. Boake Carter's voice fascinated him from the first time he heard it on the air.

"He sounds like such an impressive, important person," Alec says. "That's why I love to imitate him doing a silly tune like 'Goody Goody.' It seems so unlike him. It's such *fun!*"

He doesn't miss any good thing about living, nor has he ever been deprived of any of his fun just because he couldn't see. He goes his way, delighted with life, his music, his family, his friends, his "happy listening."

If you want a simple answer to the secret of his triumph over what to many of us would seem an unsurmountable handicap, ask him if he wouldn't like to retire to a peaceful life in his native Welsh hills.

"Oh, no! No!" he says quickly. "Not at all. I want to *live!* I haven't done half enough yet!"

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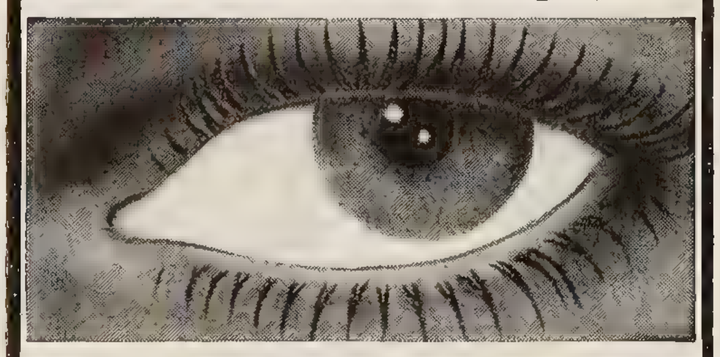

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

■ Genevieve Blue, better known to NBC audiences as "Buzz Me Miss Blue" of the Amos 'n' Andy program, is played by Madaline Lee.

I DOUBT if there are any readers who, at some time or other, have not heard the "goings on" of Amos 'n' Andy, that famous black-face radio team heard over NBC Monday through Friday from 7:00 to 7:15. And by the same token, I'm sure you've heard Genevieve Blue (known in private life as Madaline Lee) who plays the part of the "secretary," so successfully, many listeners believe she is really colored.

Madaline was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 28, 1912, and spent most of her life in the south. Eager for a dramatic career since childhood, Miss Lee studied at Columbia University and the Theodore Irvine School for the Theater in New York, at the University of Texas and Southern Methodist University, after graduating from the Adamson High School in Dallas.

Radio work intrigued Madaline and for a year she took every available job. She was a news commentator on several Los Angeles stations and interviewed many screen and stage celebrities . . . began reading commercials for Amos 'n' Andy, and her southern personality attracted the comedians when they began to create the character of Genevieve Blue. For two years Miss Lee worked to overcome what she considered the handicap of a Texas drawl. However, she slipped right back into the dialect at the request of Amos 'n' Andy and was chosen for the part of Genevieve.

Miss Lee is five feet two inches, weighs 110 pounds, and is active in athletics. Tennis and golf are her favorites. She is also an accomplished pianist.

* * *

Hilda Burke, Oswego, N. Y.—Alice Frost, who plays the leading role in Big Sister, was born August 1, 1910, in Minneapolis, Minn. She is married to Robert C. Faulk, is blonde, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has gray eyes.

Michael Williams, Darien, Conn.—Jack Armstrong, in the program of the same name, is played by Frank Behrens, and he may be reached by addressing a letter to him in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 222 North Bank Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Willie, North Sydney, N.S.—I am listing below the cast of The Guiding Light, as you requested:

Gordon Ellis . . . . . Raymond Johnson
Ned Holden . . . . . Ed Prentiss
Ellen . . . . . Henrietta Tedro
Mr. Kransky . . . . . Murray Forbes
Rose Kransky . . . . . Ruth Bailey
Jacob Kransky . . . . . Seymour Young
Grandpa Ellis . . . . . Phil Lord
Phyllis Gordon . . . . . Sharon Grainger
Peter Manno . . . . . Michael Romano
Ethel Foster . . . . . Sundra Love
Celeste Cunningham . . Carolyn McKay

Miss D. Schofield, Wilkinsburg, Pa.—Orson Welles was born in Kenosha, Wisc. At fifteen he was an orphan and decided to go to Scotland, intending to study scene designing there. On a stop-over in Ireland, found he liked Erin so well he bought a donkey and cart and went on a vagabond tour . . . Sold the cart and donkey at a county fair for the price of a meal, fare to Dublin and a ticket to the Gates Theater. Welles told the stage manager that he was a star in New York's Theater Guild, read a part that night and was offered a leading role in the following week's play. For two years he starred with the Gates Company in heavy roles such as "Othello" and "King Lear", and rose to the rank of director. Finally, he played in the Abbey Theater—the first

(*Continued on page 66*)

This Is the Life!

(*Continued from page* 39)

know it instinctively. And a small, recognizable voice in the boy's heart said now: "Get ready. Any minute now. . . ."

It happened abruptly, and it was doubly insured. On one afternoon he paused before the building in which Stanley Ghilkey, Katherine Cornell's manager, kept his offices. There was no particular reason for going in, but Mr. Power went in anyway. Ghilkey saw him at once.

"IF you're not under contract just now, I can spot you with Cornell," he said. "Have you seen her show?"

"I was going to ask you for some passes," Tyrone said.

"These," said Ghilkey, handing over two cardboard slips, "are for tonight. Let me know your decision."

When Tyrone reached home half an hour later he found Ghilkey's telephoned message. "Come to see me about a job before 3:30," it read. And it was now a quarter of four.

When "Flowers of the Forest" closed at last, in May, he had a contract for summer stock, and another that called for his services as an understudy in Cornell's fall play; and he went to visit his mother in California for a time, anxious to show these contracts to her, watch her face when she congratulated him.

Then back east, to spend the summer at Falmouth. This was an idyllic interlude given over to a certain amount of hard work but primarily to relaxing. He could savor things, now that his luck had changed and the harsh nagging of his ambition had found a certain release.

He played the lead in "Ceiling Zero," "Private Lives," "On Stage." And one evening he came into his dressing room after the third act curtain to find a young man there, waiting. "I want to talk to you about Hollywood," said this person.

Tyrone sat down, held out his package of cigarettes, and sat back to listen. After a time he said, "Yes, Hollywood's important to me. And I appreciate your offer. But I know that town now and I'm going to refuse."

The talent scout's mouth fell open. *"What?"*

"Yes. I'm not ready yet. And they'd get me for buttons—a little later they'll come to me with a real contract. Then I'll be prepared for anything."

And they did, and he was; but that was later.

THAT was later, after he had spent the winter touring with Cornell's show, after he had spent part of the spring of 1936 rehearsing for the role of De Pongeley in "St. Joan." The two long seasons had their effect on the boy; you do not travel about the country in company with seasoned stage troupers without maturing at double speed.

This period in his memory, when he thinks of it—which is seldom—is a kind of hodge-podge made up of sleeper jumps, of numberless stages and the curtains that rose and fell on those stages; of applause. . . .

He remembers the time his long hair, grown of necessity because of the role he played, came loose from under his hat, one Christmas Eve while he rode a trolley, and the resultant chaos among the passengers because the hair and his pale face and heavy eyebrows made him look like a Borgia.

HE remembers such little, unimportant things; the rest is a kind of haze, a leading-up period. He was not surprised, then, when it ended—nor at the way it ended——

He came into his rooms in Detroit, that afternoon, laden with delicatessen packages. A little tired, faced with a long evening of rehearsal, he poured himself a beer and flopped in a deep chair to smoke a cigarette before starting supper.

The phone screamed and he let it ring, for a time. But it was persistent and at last, wearily, he went over and lifted the receiver.

"New York calling. . ." the operator crooned.

It was his agent. "It's set for Friday!" the agent yelled. "Your screen test, I mean. And you'd better get packed!"

Tyrone frowned. "Now I don't know——"

But the agent had hung up.

Supper forgotten, Tyrone wandered restlessly about his rooms, chain-smoking and generally working himself into a nervous frenzy. He thought, *so soon! I knew it would*

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come, but this is so little warning. Can I do it? Will I be any good?

He didn't know; and after awhile his mind went into reverse and refused to consider the problem with any clarity. He gave it up and went on to rehearsal.

On Friday, in New York, he made the screen test. It was unbelievably bad.

"It's what I thought," Tyrone told his agent when the news came. "I'm simply not ready."

"Listen," the agent said sharply, "you've been saying that for too long now. You can go on saying it for twenty years. Frankly, I think you're scared."

Tyrone's face went white. "Can you get them to give me another try?"

The agent had taught himself not to show pleasure when any of his schemes worked. His face was impassive when he answered. "I've already arranged it."

And that, in essence, was the beginning; since with fury in his heart and a cold sharp control governing his actions, Tyrone Power made a second test which brought Darryl Zanuck, days later in a Hollywod projection room, to his feet with enthusiasm. And Zanuck sent a wire, and a contract, and plane reservations to Tyrone in New York; and younger Mr. Power answered the first and signed the second and used the third—and, in this manner, a star was born.

THE Hollywood success story of Tyrone Power is one you have read and heard repeatedly, from its inception. Because it is the perfect, the unbelievable, the story book tale, it can be truthfully told without a hitch. Additionally, it has romance, it has glamour. It would, because it is Tyrone's story.

I met him first a day or two after the premier of "Lloyds of London," the picture Mr. Zanuck made to introduce his new property to the world. Few people had asked to see Tyrone before that, although he had a bit in "Girls Dormitory"—but they were waiting in line, now.

He had an eager courtesy. He talked freely about himself and what he liked and whom he liked. He still does, if you know him well, adding at the end however the standard "not for publication" warning. After all, it is three years later, and he is now one of the five greatest stars in the world, and he has learned several bitter lessons.

But already, when I first spoke with him, he had fitted on the role of star like a Lastex suit. He already had a Cord motor, and a smart new wardrobe, and a stock of purely Hollywood stories. He already had met Sonja Henie. . . .

That romance—at least the papers called it Romance—is for the record but so far as its effect on Tyrone or his life is concerned it is of small enough account. It was magnificent publicity, it taught him what to expect: but it was subordinate business to his rise in the industry, to his great ambition.

Almost everything was, and is.

He met her, or rather Sonja met him, in the studio commissary when she singled him out and gave him tickets to her first exhibition in Los Angeles. He went backstage, turned on every ounce of his fabulous charm, and took her home that night.

Their resultant friendship had its great value at the time. There was no danger, in the first place, of a really serious love growing out of the arrangement they had.

Tyrone is an emotional person, but he controls his emotions; he was not ready to fall wholeheartedly in love then, and so he did not. Sonja just isn't emotional.

By the time "Love is News" and two or three other box-office hits had made certain that Tyrone was going to sustain—indeed, to grow—as a star, he was already trying to forget the time he threw gravel at Sonja's window and enjoined her to climb down a rose lattice in order not to disturb her sleeping parents. He was trying to forget many things. . . .

FOR some months he saw much of several ladies, none with serious intent, and worked hard at his assignments. With his mother and a friend whom he had hired as secretary and general pal, Tyrone took a house in Bel Air and dedicated himself to the Zanuck schedule.

Meanwhile he had fallen a little in love with Janet Gaynor. It was not a new emotion, nor essentially a real one; rather it was a necessary completion of an adolescent thought-trend which started years ago when he was twelve and saw Miss Gaynor in the memorable "Seventh Heaven."

Something about his ego made him see that young dream turn into reality, just as he had made real his other dreams of great fame and great money and great success.

Still a bit awed by Janet—she had acquired a legendary aura through the years—he sent her anonymous notes and roses until at last a mutual friend relayed to her his invitation to dinner. After the sporting and rather

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robust friendship with Sonja this new liaison was pure romance, built on the glamour of dim corner tables, of orchids trembling on ermine, of soft music and long quiet hours at her house in the evenings.

It lasted until very recently. Then, after a decent interval, Tyrone Power's inexhaustible luck brought him Annabella along with the new box-office ratings (just after the completion of "Jesse James") which announced him as one of the Ten Best Stars in the industry.

As if to make his triumph thoroughly complete, what appears to be his final great love—although he won't say so—and the absolute peak of his career came to him simultaneously. Both happened in a spectacular way, as is the manner of things when Tyrone achieves them.

You will not get him to answer if you ask whether or not he knew Annabella would join him in South America after her publicized divorce in Paris. Nor, any longer, can you get him to make an answer to any really intimate question. This is a new person, this Tyrone Power whom you will meet today.

THE basic things about him are there still: his charm, his clear intelligence, his boundless ambition, his utterly modern attitude about life, his 1939-model sense of humor. But the fervent, too eager youth is gone; here is a man whose name spells a fortune in money, a fabulous fame—whose romances with some of the greatest beauties of our time have made his personality synonymous with the idea of romance. His time, his private life, his personal freedom no longer are his: they belong against his will, to the public.

He knows these things about himself. The next story to be written about Tyrone Power will be an account of his desperate attempts to escape from them.

But they were the things he wanted. And they are his, at twenty-four.

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Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!

MOTHER: Why...Alice!!!...I'm only trying to help you!

ALICE: I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?

MOTHER: Oh well...if *that's* the way you feel about it...But you might remember that I know *something* about babies. I raised you, didn't I?

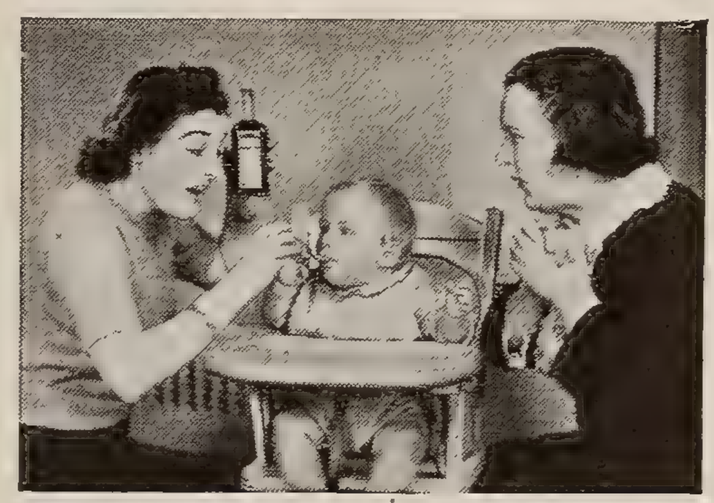
ALICE: Yes, but that was 25 years ago...

ALICE: You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made *especially* for him.

ALICE: He prescribed a *special* food formula ...told me to use *special* baby powder...He even recommended a *special* baby laxative!

MOTHER: Gracious! A *special laxative, too?*

ALICE: Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle...yet as thorough as can be.



MOTHER: But will he take it? You know how persnikity he is about new things.

ALICE: The doctor said *even the taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

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Mysteries of the Mind

(*Continued from page* 33)

the jury.

"It's true, though," continued the father, his voice shaking. "In some way our little girl knew she was destined to die and, under the circumstances, we feel that the man who ran over her should be released. You see, he really couldn't help himself. It was an act of Fate!"

Statistics and records show that there have been thousands of cases where people have dreamed, or have sensed while awake, something that was going to happen to them.

According to Dr. Warner, little Helen Lane may have been frightened by a previous narrow escape under the same circumstances. This would have left a strong impression and her fear of being run over, once planted in her consciousness, might have brought on this vivid dream.

YET Dr. Hardwicke points out that many events that exist in space, also exist in time, of which we have ordinarily no knowledge.

Was Helen Lane traveling toward that moment which would blot out her young and incomplete life, positive of an inevitable and terrifying conclusion?

About two years ago Ralph Dayton was living with his wife at a midtown hotel in New York City. Their work, their hopes, their loves, were no different than yours and mine until one unforgettable evening in March.

Ralph dropped into a nearby restaurant for a bite to eat before going home. As the waiter served him, Dayton suddenly jumped to his feet, shook his clothes, and started to slap himself vigorously.

"I'm on fire!" he cried. "Waiter, help me. I'm on fire!"

The waiter stared incredulously. There were no flames, no smoke, no panic among the other diners. "I don't see nothin', Mr. Dayton," he mumbled, rubbing his eyes to make sure, "and I don't smell nothin'. You feel all right, Mr. Dayton? Shall I get you some more water?"

Dayton's face turned red. He eyed the waiter sheepishly, then he began to pat his clothes again.

"Alfred," he said quietly, "I must have dropped a cigarette. It's on me some place, because I can smell burning cloth. The odor is very strong."

But his clothes were not on fire, and at last he apologized, paid his check, and left his half-eaten meal. Out in the cold night air the smell of fire, the fear of burning alive, still haunted him.

Instinctively he pulled his coat collar closer to him for protection and muttered to himself: "This is a strange business. I can't get over it."

If he expected any sympathy from his wife he was sadly mistaken. When he recounted the weird episode to her later that evening, she laughed and reminded him of his careless habit of dropping hot cigarette ashes on his clothes. When they went to bed she was still joking about his "marvelous smeller."

At three o'clock in the morning, both Daytons suddenly awoke. They looked at one another in alarm. This time Ralph spoke defiantly:

"Well, Helen, I suppose you're going to tell me I don't smell something this time."

"No," she answered nervously, "I smell it too. It's burning cloth."

Dayton hopped out of bed and jerked open the window.

"There's a fire on the floor below us," he shouted. "I've got to wake those people up or they'll be burned alive!"

He began yelling loudly. His wife joined him. After a few minutes a man's head bobbed out of the window below.

"Thank God you woke us," he said gratefully. "Must have gone to sleep without putting my cigarette out."

When quiet was restored, Ralph spoke again to his wife: "How do you account for that? I smelled this fire last night at nine o'clock, long before it ever started."

Helen shook her head blankly. "I don't know, Ralph. It's completely beyond me, but I won't make fun of your smeller any more. It's miraculous."

A similar case occurred in Boston early in the summer of 1938. William Walter, an eleven-year-old boy, ran home one day and told his mother that the Baptist Church was on fire. He insisted large crowds had gathered around the burning edifice, and described the frantic work of the firemen as they piled into the street from a gleaming hook and ladder engine.

BUT the Baptist Church was not on fire. The big hook and ladder that had thrilled the lad was resting idly in the firehouse. Bostonians in the vicinity went about their regular duties.

Not four hours later William's mother heard people running and shouting. She peered out the window and saw streams of smoke sweep across the streets of suburban Boston. A vivid red hook and ladder sped to the scene.

This time there were no hallucinations. The Baptist Church was on fire!

Is there such a thing as a "psychic smell"? Are there thousands of people like Ralph Dayton and little William Walter who have a premonition of terrible things about to happen?

Dr. Lucien Warner says it is quite common to imagine that you smell something with a definite odor. Suggestion is a powerful factor. In the case of Ralph Dayton, the terrified man may have been subject to some unconscious suggestion, such as reading about a fire in the paper. Perhaps some odor in the restaurant reminded

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Omnisciency. 2. Harelip. 3. Sparsity. 4. Piccalilli. 5. Sherbet. 6. Skedaddle. 7. Marriageable. 8. Asseverations. 9. Decalcomania. 10. Percolators. 11. Dentifrice. 12. Duchy. 13. Languorous. 14. Nihilism. 15. Objurgate. 16. Quidnunc. 17. Horal. 18. Maxillary. 19. Bacchanalian. 20. Preterist. 21. Gimmick. 22. Metatarsus. 23. Marquees. 24. Dossier. 25. Armadillos.

him of an odor associated with a past experience.

Psychic experts disagree. They insist many people have the ability to pick up a mental impression of some event which has not yet come to pass. A person may have a sudden vision while wide awake.

Perhaps the strangest "mystery of the mind" concerned a young widowed mother, destitute and starving, who was forced to take her four-year-old daughter to a Child Placement Bureau. Sixteen years later a miraculous string of dramatic incidents brought the child back to her real parent.

NO Hollywood scenario, this, but a true life "case history" that transcends all credibility. Yet scientists explain that such things have come to pass time and again.

When Mrs. Jennie Andrews took her daughter to the bureau, the words of the matron still rang in her ears as she trudged wearily away from the institution. "This will mean that you will never see your daughter again. Never . . . never . . . never . . . never."

She knew when she signed the form that it meant signing away the nearest and dearest thing she ever possessed.

The little girl was placed with a respectable family living in Newark, N. J. Betty's last name was legally changed to Everett.

The years passed. At first they were torturingly slow for the lonely mother. But when Mrs. Andrews had a change of fortune, time began to heal her aching heart. She found work in a large department store.

Betty grew up with no knowledge of her mother, though she knew she had been an adopted child.

Then a strange thing occurred, in October, 1938.

Mrs. Andrews awakened one morning with an almost overwhelming feeling that she must try to get in touch with her daughter. Something told her Betty was in trouble. It kept hammering mercilessly at her head and then at her heart.

Work finished, the worried woman rushed to the Child Placement Bureau. The same woman was at the huge mahogany desk, bare except for a plaque on which was written "Mrs. Todd."

"I'm Mrs. Jennie Andrews. Sixteen years ago I brought you my daughter Betty. Since then I've never been in touch with you."

The matron nodded recognition.

"I've lived up to your regulations," the mother continued, "but now there's something I've got to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Have you heard from my Betty recently?" Mrs. Andrews asked nervously.

"No," Mrs. Todd said, shaking her head, "we check up for the first few years, but if everything is satisfactory we take it for granted that—" The woman hesitated as she searched Mrs. Andrews' eyes. "Why, Mrs. Andrews, what is the matter?"

Betty's mother leaned heavily on the huge desk. It was hard for her to explain this strange feeling. Perhaps the brisk looking matron would laugh.

"All day long I've had the oddest feeling. Things aren't right with Betty. Please, Mrs. Todd, as a favor to me, get in touch with the people who adopted her. Find out how my baby is."

Mrs. Todd didn't answer.

"I beg you to do it," pleaded the mother. She started to cry. Hardened though the matron was to crying, hysterical mothers, there was something in this woman's tone that touched her.

"You wait here," she commanded, "and I'll try to reach Betty's people by phone."

The woman walked into the adjoining room, thumbed through a worn file of yellowed index cards, and put through the call to Newark. The voice of a young girl answered the phone. The matron asked for Mrs. Everett.

"She's not here," said the other voice shakily, "she's in the hospital."

"Hospital?" repeated Mrs. Todd. "Who is this I'm speaking to?"

"This is Betty Everett."

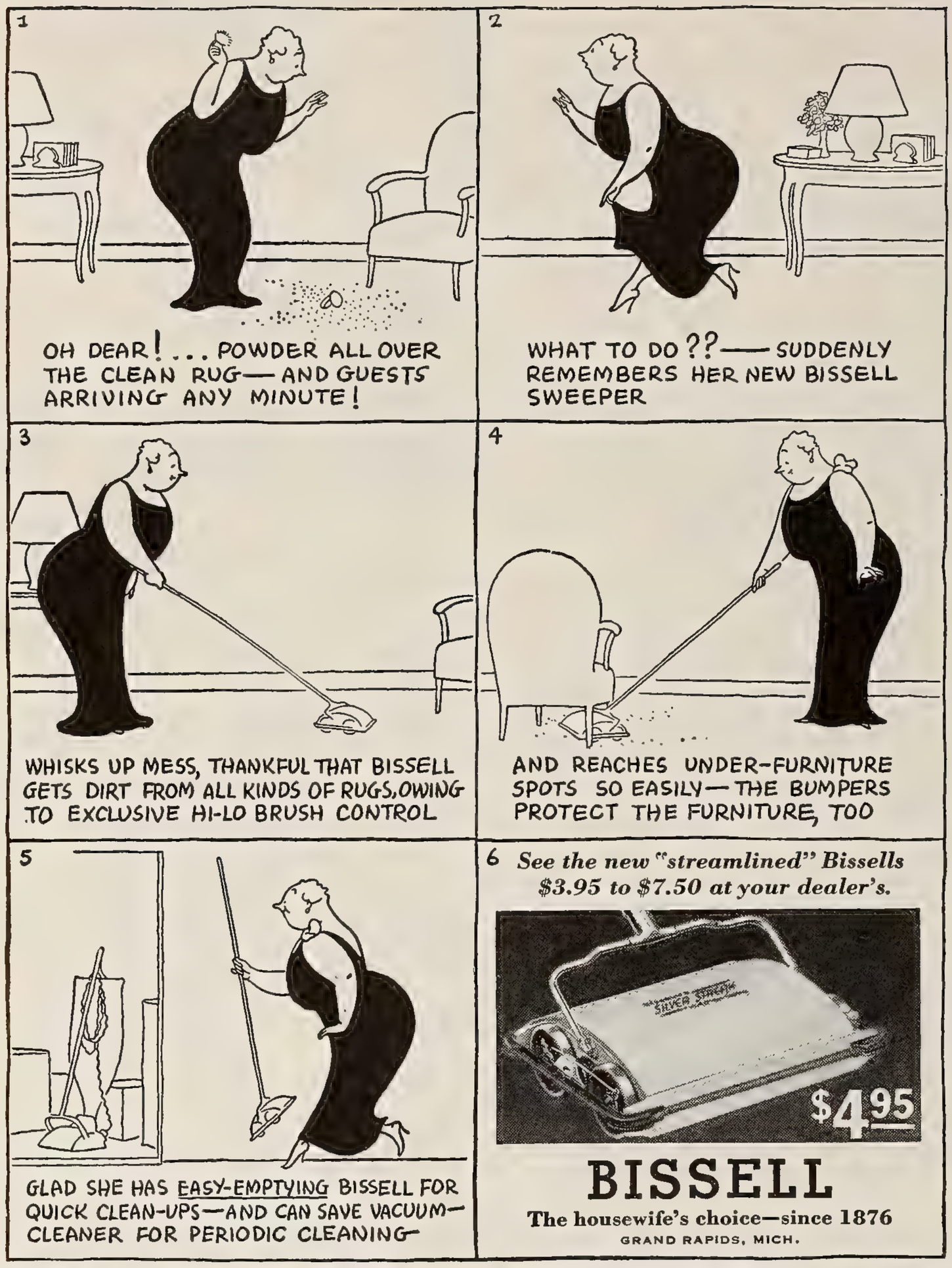
The older woman caught her breath. "Betty dear, this is Mrs. Todd, a friend of your mother's. What happened?"

The young girl's voice broke into sobs. "Oh, I'm so afraid," she cried. "Daddy is in the hospital too. The doctors say neither of them can live."

MRS. TODD had trouble getting the details from the distraught girl. The family were out driving. Betty was in the back seat. Suddenly there was a crash. Another car had run into theirs in a head-on collision.

"Mrs. Andrews," the matron said slowly when she returned to the other room. "you were right about Betty. Both her foster parents are near death from an auto accident which occurred last night!"

Both the Everetts died. As a result Mrs. Andrews and her daughter were reunited. They are living happily to-



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For Short Short True Romances

True Romances Magazine has set aside $3,000 for the purchase of short short true romances submitted on or before Friday, June 30, 1939. By "short short" true romances is meant short true stories of dramatic quality—stories dealing with the problems of American life, stories of courtship and marriage sincerely told with honesty and warmth, the kind of stories that happen in the life of the average American family—nothing fantastic, nothing melodramatic, nothing cheap, but simple, beautiful stories of the dramas that occur in the lives of American men and women. Stories submitted under this offer must range from 2500 to 4500 words in length.

For such stories we are prepared to pay up to $250 each.

Undoubtedly you have in mind one or several happenings in human lives that can be set down within the wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubtful if you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. **This is not a contest but a straight offer to purchase.** You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send in your story and if it meets with our requirements a substantial check will be mailed to you regardless of what anybody else may submit.

Do not delay. There is nothing to prevent you selling us several stories under this offer before it expires on June 30. Send them in as soon as finished. We pay for accepted stories as soon as they are passed upon and approved for purchase.

If you do not have one already, write today for a copy of our free booklet supplying "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances". In it you will find important information regarding the simple handling which has proved most satisfactory in writing true stories. Address your envelope and any manuscripts you may send later exactly as per the address upon the coupon we have supplied for your convenience in securing your copy of the booklet.

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gether today.

"It's such experiences as this one that give me renewed faith in a protective creative force—call it what you will," said Dr. Hardwicke, after carefully studying this true experience. "It is easier to believe in a God that answers human prayers. From a scentific angle it would seem that this is a mental energy discharge from the young girl left alone by the accident. It is picked up by the mother. Some people would call this telepathy, but that is still a world that hides our ignorance of unknown powers of the mind."

But Dr. Warner disagrees with this analysis. He says that Mrs. Andrews continued to think and worry about her daughter. Every mention of orphans must have focused her attention on her own problem. Time never blotted out the emptiness in Mrs. Andrews' heart.

What is behind all this? Is the scientist right? The psychic? Or the skeptical man of practical medicine?

Science today is seeking to discover and to understand more and more of the marvelous hidden powers contained in the mind of Man, and to explain the different types of psychic phenomena.

But the answer to it all is still to be written.

What Do You Want to Know?

(*Continued from page 60*)

foreign actor to be starred with the internationally famous troupe. When he returned to America, Thornton Wilder, who knew his Dublin work, suggested he see Katharine Cornell. He was cast in both "Romeo and Juliet" and "Candida." After Broadway appearances in "Panic" and numerous other plays, he became established as one of radio's foremost actors.

Virginia Montagna, San Antonio, Texas—I'm sorry, but we do not have a service for furnishing photographs to our readers.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Every effort is being made to increase the membership of the **Larry Clinton** Fan Club. If you are interested in becoming a member, write to Tommy Gerarde, Pres., 138 Ward Street, Orange, New Jersey, or Miss Venni Boccio, Vice Pres., 65 Montauk Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Attention: **Enoch Light** Fans—Write to Rose Barry, Pres., 414 Cashua St., Darlington, S. C., or Joseph Wright, 47 Sheffield Avenue, Buffalo, New York, for details.

The **Fred Waring** Fan Club boasts a fine membership, but Ruth Stanford, 508-18th Street. Union City, N. J., is ever on the lookout for new Waring fans. Drop her a line if interested.

Edna Rogers is secretary of the **Eddy Duchin** Fan Club and she may be reached at 3730 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

The associate editor of the **Jeanette MacDonald** International Fan Club, Miss Geraldine Storfer, 4414 N. Springfield, Chicago, Illinois, has asked us to announce another club in Miss MacDonald's honor and to say that information will gladly be sent on receipt of postage in coin (not stamps).

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

APPOINTMENT WITH AGOSTINI . . . half-hour musical melange in the Guisseppe Agostini style, out of the Canadian metropolis, Montreal, Tuesday eves at 9.00 o'clock EST, to the CBC national network . . . solos by Charles Jordan, and a modern ladies' chorus, composed of Marcelle Manata, Marielle Lefebvre, Simonne Quesnel, Eleanore Hamel, Germaine Lefebvre, Pierrette Alerie, Paulette Langis and Therese Laurendeau; this new CBC feature is rapidly building in popularity . . . I know it pleased my ears when caught, and fan-mail indicates Agostini has rung the bell again.

GUISSEPPE AGOSTINI . . . nobody ever uses that first name . . . it's usually "Maestro," tinged with a great deal of affection . . . he's that kind of excitable, lovable Italian . . . born in Pesaro, Italy . . . studied at the Rossini Conservatory of Music under the direction of Pietro Mascagni, the composer of top-flight opera . . . at twenty-three, Agostini came to Canada . . . first job here was as oboe soloist in the "pit" at Loew's Theater, Montreal . . . it wasn't long before he had successively conducted in the pits of the Capitol and Palace Theaters . . . came the talkies, and Senor Agostini turned to teaching . . . appointed musical director at the Lasalle Academy, Three Rivers, Quebec, where he remained for some time . . . but Radio was calling . . . gave the one-time Canadian Radio Commission it's first big program out of Montreal, "One Hour With You" . . . since that time he has been a CBC headliner . . . on the side, he is in constant demand as a band and symphonic concert conductor . . . he is an amusing little man . . . his sayings and doings while rehearsing are famous around Montreal . . . I remember he was conducting for one of my plays, when the trombone displeased him . . . he turned fiercely on the unfortunate player . . . "You sound like a bull 'Mooo!' . . ." he spluttered (and how he splutters!). "I want you should sound nice and soft like a cow 'Moooo!'." . . . he makes all his own arrangements, but, unlike a lot of conductor-arrangers, he likes giving his musicians a certain freedom in introducing their own individuality and original twists to a composition . . . in another day and age, he would have been a fiery little man sweepingly and explosively conducting an opera company . . . today, opera's loss is Radio's gain . . .

CHARLES JORDAN . . . the baritone soloist of "Appointment with Agostini" . . . he is a 1938 discovery . . . a Montrealer in his early twenties, he got his first break last year on a sustainer, specializing in folk songs, popular classics, and lieder . . . guest appearances followed . . . sings in English, French, German and Italian . . . looks like a young edition of Lanny Ross would look . . . studies music in his spare time . . . doesn't smoke or drink . . . line forms to the left, girls. . . .

"RUSTY" DAVIS . . . he must have been born with that nickname; nobody seemed to know his first name . . . producer of "Appointment With Agostini" . . . well known in Montreal's younger set, but don't throw it up at him . . . studied law at McGill University . . . will be remembered as lyricist and musical director of McGill's "Red and White Revue" for the years '25 and '26 . . . the legal bug didn't bite, and Rusty left McGill for musical study in New York . . . a worried family persuaded him to return to law studies, but instead Rusty organized his own band . . . later he became musical director for one of Montreal's large advertising firms . . . was placed in charge of the productions of their commercial programs . . . joined CBC staff as producer a year ago, and is now into music up to his ears. . . .

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.. In the Spring take

S.S.S. TONIC

This Happened to Me

(*Continued from page* 30)

till then I worked like the devil for a whole week for the same amount of money. I began to hunt up contests in towns anywhere within a hundred mile radius and enter them. Usually, I was good enough to cart off one of the prizes.

When I think back now, I wonder a little. I was just turning 14 and still in high school. Officially in high school, that is. School had practically stopped for me then. I could think of nothing but the saxophone. I ended up by forming a four-piece band with some of the fellows in my class. We had a trumpet, drums, piano and a sax. We'd play once or twice a week at school affairs or at parties our mothers gave. I think then I was the happiest I had ever been. The noises we four boys made sounded something like the sounds from the spotlighted stage of the Palace.

A FEW months had gone by since my fourteenth birthday when the Shaw family was reduced from three to two. My father left home. My mother and I still don't know where he went. We don't know if he is living or dead. We have never heard from him, never seen him since. Every attempt to find him failed.

Fourteen I was. School, a shattered family life, poverty—I was either too young, too foolish or perhaps too completely absorbed in music to pay them any attention. Our life didn't change drastically but I began to dig up ways of making money.

I had played in a few carnival bands when Dave Hudkins, a drummer from New Haven, noticed me. He liked my work, took me in tow and introduced me to Johnny Cavallaro. Johnny, owner of the Cinderella Ballroom, then had the best band in New England. After two flop auditions, I lost my nervousness and Johnny hired me. He got me into the musicians' union and I became a professional reed man.

I worked for Cavallaro at night. Get home late, go to bed, get up and go to school. During that period, I never cracked a book. I never knew the right answers—I just showed up at classes and sat there. Before I bought the saxophone, I had been a good student. But now my only worry was how soon could I get out? For a period of three straight months my report cards showed five F's for each of my five classes. That meant automatic expulsion. The principal called me in. For the first time, I tried to explain to someone how I felt about the saxophone. He couldn't understand. That bewildered me. Yet I was relieved when I could finally tell my mother I was finished with school. Mother didn't agree with me. She protested my expulsion. I protested her protest. I lost—and was reinstated for a month. The story at the end of 30 days was the same—5 F's. I left.

I was 15 then. I immediately joined Cavallaro as a full member of his band. And that summer we went up to Bantam Lake, Connecticut, for the season. It was there I learned one of the important lessons any musician learns sooner or later. I had my first taste of liquor. The results were slightly catastrophic:

It was a Sunday. We had most of the day to ourselves and that night the band had nothing to do but play an accompaniment for the silent movie which was shown in the recreation hall. I joined the boys at the beach. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the trumpet player gave me a bottle of beer. I remember I was sitting in a rowboat when I drank it. I was dressed from shoulder to knee in a red bathing suit—and that's all. I finished the bottle and began to feel drowsy. That was my last memory until I suddenly woke from a sound sleep. I looked up. It was pitch black. There wasn't a soul anywhere near me. The boat had drifted out on the lake and all I could hear were the faint sounds of music blown across the water.

First, I was a scared kid of 15. Then, when I realized the music meant the band was playing for the movies, I was a scared musician. That row back to shore must have broken records. I ran up the path to the hall, sneaked in the back door. The place was dark, of course. I found my way to the orchestra pit, got my saxophone and started to play.

I was just beginning to feel comfortable again when the hero suddenly grabbed the heroine in his arms, Love's Sweet Dream was fulfilled—and the movie ended. The lights went up. Cavallaro looked at me. I smiled. There were a few snickers from the audience. His face began to whiten. I stopped smiling—I suddenly realized that I was sitting there in my red bathing suit and nothing else—not even a pair of shoes. He picked up his banjo and came after me. I ran—ran as if the Devil himself were after me. I won the race but among the other choice words I heard Johnny toss after me was one that sounded like "fired". I didn't stop to find out if he meant it.

Losing the job didn't bother me. For the past four nights a gang of fellows who were forming a band had been hanging around. They had been after me to join up with them. After the beer episode there wasn't much else I could do. They were all from Northfield—a town with one general store and little else.

I WENT home, got my clothes and carefully avoided seeing my mother. There were ten of us. We all piled into an old jaloppy and headed for Northfield. One of the boys owned a dilapidated shack. We lived there for a month. Ten kids—living on nothing but cider and raw corn we stole out of farmers' fields. We spent every minute of our time rehearsing. Occasionally we'd play for a dance in Waterbury and make a little money. But we saved that for a reserve fund.

A brother of one of the fellows had once worked at the Joyland Casino in Lexington, Kentucky. He thought we could get a job there. I don't know why we agreed, but we did. After that month's rehearsal, we were ready for the trip. The car was an old open 7-passenger Hudson. Ten boys with their instruments and bags squeezed in. We were off for Kentucky.

How we managed to live and buy gas on that trip south is still an unsolved mystery. We finally got there,

though, found the Joyland Casino and talked the manager into giving us a job.

Here was the ideal existence for me: playing at night and a chance to go to school during the day. We all enrolled in a prep school near the Casino. We found a boarding house where we got a room and board for $5 a week. For one, two, three days—life was perfect. Then—we had worked four days when Joyland closed down for awhile.

MOST of the boys wired home for money immediately. I couldn't—I had run away. What's more, I knew my mother couldn't spare it even if I did. I stayed on at the boarding house—my $5 entitled me to a few more days. By the end of the week, my nine colleagues had left town. I was alone in Lexington with not a dime remaining to weigh down an empty pocket. I tried to get a job and failed completely. Finally, I hocked my sax and extra clothes. That brought enough for another week at the boarding house. I tried putting off the landlady when that ran out. It didn't work and I was kicked out.

For three days I didn't touch a scrap of food. At night I slept in the park. Before going to "bed," I washed my shirt in the park pond. That was important if I was to find a job I could apply for. Here I was alone in a strange city, slowly starving. I should have been home, a sophomore in high-school. That never occurred to me, though. Even that one night when the clouds burst wide open and I couldn't sleep in the park—I sneaked into a pool parlor and slept on one of the green felt-covered tables. I had made up my mind to be a musician. Any glamour that was attached to the idea had been wiped out. All that remained was an unshakeable obsession to play music.

After three days of no food, I became almost crazy with the desire to eat once more. Anything—a dried hunk of bread, a cold potato. There were no visions of huge steaks, steaming platters—just a mad longing to fill that cold emptiness in my stomach.

When I could stand it no longer, I went into a restaurant and followed the procedure outlined in the best fiction. I ordered a huge meal. And when they came with the check and heard I had no money, I brought the story to its logical ending. I was sent back to the kitchen to wash dishes. That night I slept very comfortably in the park and the next day I went back to the restaurant. I made the manager a proposition: "Feed me and I'll wash your dishes." He accepted.

That arrangement went on for a week or two—days in the restaurant, nights in the park. I was just beginning to tire of that convenient little set-up when I learned that Joyland was re-opening. I hiked out there one night. I must have looked like a broken-down young bum. There could have been nothing attractive about me. Yet, I walked up to the leader and asked him for a job. Clyde Mosely was his name—he looked a little startled when I put that request. Then he sort of grinned and said:

"Doing what?"

"Playing the saxophone. I'm good. Honest! Just let me play one number."

I know how he felt. Because I've felt the way he must have when someone has come up to me asking for a job. He was probably a little kinder than most of us now—he told me to hang around until the end of the evening and he'd listen to me. I waited. One of the boys lent me a saxophone. I played "Tiger Rag," I remember—better than I had ever played anything. Mosely hired me. He gave me enough money to get my sax and clothes out of hock and next day, I left town with the band.

I WORKED with them long enough to save train fare home. When I had the money, I said good-bye and thanks to Mosely and left for New Haven.

Word got around that I was back. It reached Johnny Cavallaro, for within a week he asked me if I'd like to rejoin his band. It appears he hadn't meant to fire me. He was just kidding!

I went back to my chair with Johnny and life was a peaceful thing until he had an offer to bring the band down to Florida for the winter. Mother, naturally, didn't want me to go. I insisted. She, ultimately, gave in on the condition that Cavallaro consent to be my guardian. Johnny was a little hesitant about that and I certainly didn't blame him. But he at last consented to take the chance.

Just before we left New Haven, I made what has turned out to be the most important purchase of my career. For $30, I bought a clarinet—the first time I had ever handled one of the slender, black instruments. I boarded the ship with it. And for the three days and nights we were on the Florida boat, not one of my poor, stricken shipmates had a moment's peace. For me, it was a good trip—

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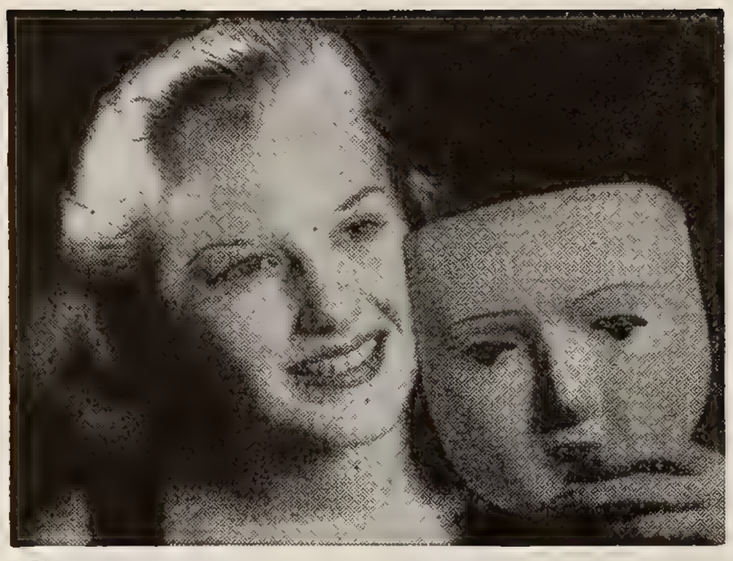

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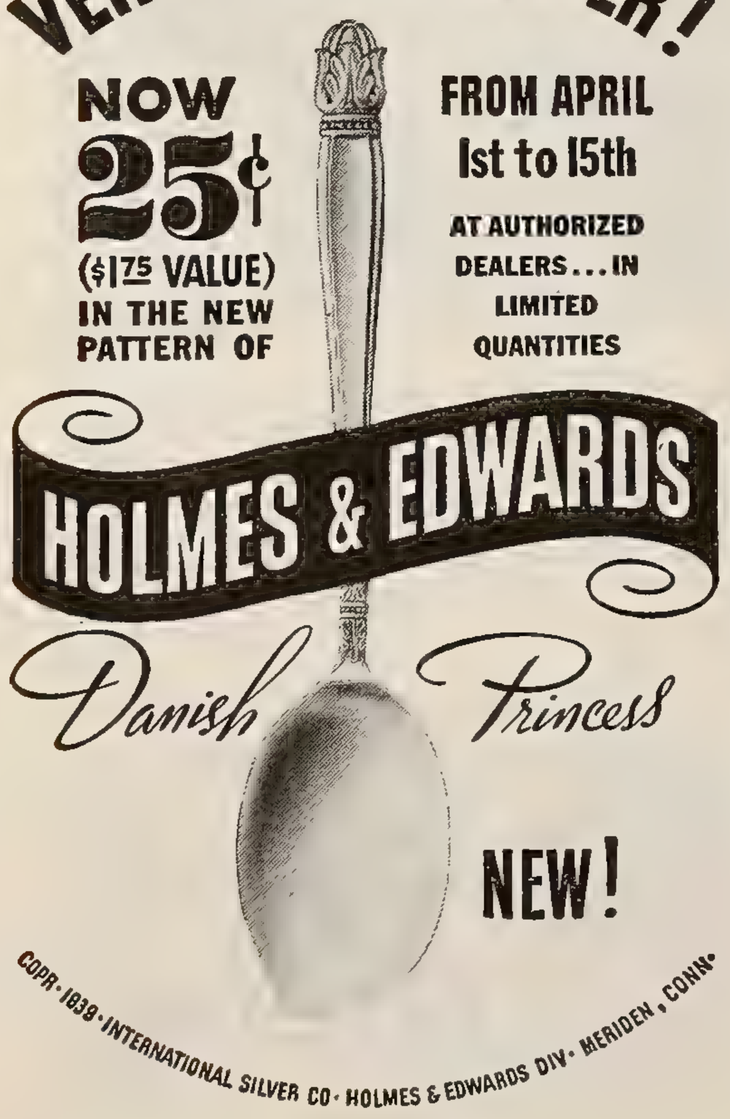

I learned the rudiments of clarinet playing. After two more months in Miami, I was playing a pretty good clarinet.

IT seems that every time I meet a new musical obstacle, I get very stubborn about it and attack it as a gigantic problem that must be solved. Apparently, that is a pretty good system. I learned to play both my instruments that way. If I'm stubborn enough, I can usually win. I learned to read music that way. I never had a real music lesson but by a trial and error system, I learned to read musical notes. I first made band arrangements the same way.

While we were still in Miami, I met up with a band from Cleveland. They were in town for a few days and made a habit of coming over to listen to us play. They asked me to go back to Cleveland with them but I turned the offer down: after all, I was working with my guardian and I did owe him something.

We returned to New Haven, and while still working with Johnny I occasionally did extra work with an outfit called the Yale Collegians. It wasn't a bad band. The Collegians played for most of the affairs at Yale, since the majority of the musicians were students at the university. Peter Arno, the cartoonist, once was a regular member. But that was before my time. The fellow I remember best was a blond, quiet saxophonist who had the chair next to mine. His name was Rudy Vallee.

Then, shortly after May, 1926, the Paramount-Publix Theater in town inaugurated a new policy—house bands. The New Haven Publix was the first theater in the Paramount chain to try the experiment. Most of the men selected for the orchestra were from New York, but they asked me to be first saxophonist. I jumped at the chance. Johnny released me immediately—glad to see me get the opportunity.

I had worked in the pit once before—up at Bantam Lake. This was a lot different. It was a nice steady life and I, at 16, was beginning to settle down when the Publix tried another policy—name bands. The house orchestra was out of a job. One night, I was handed my two weeks' notice. That same night, I received two offers. One from the Cleveland outfit I had met in Florida. The other from what was in the year 1926 the biggest band in the country—the California Ramblers. The Ramblers were then riding the crest of a wave. Its personnel was famous. Fred MacMurray was playing saxophone for them. The Dorsey brothers were two of the employees. An offer to join them was a great compliment. On the other hand, I thought the boys from Cleveland were due to hit the top. I was now faced with what I thought would be the most important decision I'd ever made. Which offer should I take?

Next month, more never-before-revealed episodes in the life of swing's new idol. Read about his two marriages . . . about his association with Bix Beiderbecke . . . about the time he quit music entirely and retired to live on a farm . . . about the strange life of a truly unique young danceband genius—in the June Radio Mirror, out April 26.

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Now you can *comb* your mascara through your lashes. Just unscrew the cap—and there you are—a comb full of mascara ready to apply. Then a twist of the cap and into your purse. No fuss—no bother—no soiling. Mascara by Ronni is tear-proof, smudge-proof—requires no water. In black, blue or brown. At all 5 & 10c stores for 10c. PARFUMS Ronni, Inc., 18 West 20th Street, New York. 10c

"Comb It Through Your Lashes"

The Secret LOVE STORY Behind DANIELLE DARRIEUX'S Marriage

How she loves him—big sweet-tempered, masterfulful Henri Decoin, husband, protector, adviser, Prince Charming all in one.

She can thank Henry Koster for bringing him into her life at the moment when the need was greatest, when life looked darkest, when failure loomed.

How charming Danielle Darrieux and Henri Decoin met, loved, wooed and married is a thrilling love story that will move you to the depths. It begins in heartbreak and tragedy but its ending is like a beautiful dream.

The complete, beautiful story appears in True Love and Romances for May. You will love it. Get your copy today at the nearest newsstand.

True Love and Romance

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

takes the lead in Back Stage Wife, as Mary's husband, Larry.

After becoming interested in a program to the point of feeling it is mighty real, this illusion is roughly torn to bits by hearing the same person take a lead in another radio serial, which makes his first part redundant and unnatural. None of us are two or three people, and the only reason we love a certain radio story is because it has absorbed us with realism and poignant charm.

MRS. J. F. VICTORIN,
Cicero, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE

DOES THE SUN SHINE ALWAYS?

A recent article in a newspaper stated that in the taking of a radio poll, One Man's Family was the only serial mentioned, and I wondered if there was any connection between that statement and the opinion expressed by some of my friends: "I do not listen to radio serials so much, because they are so depressing.

Truly the characters in some of the continued stories go from one tragedy to another and life seems to be one long drawn out misery. Now, I am not asking for a "Pollyannish" tale. One Man's Family is not all sunshine, but the narrative is shot through with such clever humor and good cheer that the very infrequent happenings of a sad nature do not linger in the mind of the listener.

When the world is in such a state of upheaval and unrest in many sections, would it not be a good idea to have more wholesome radio serials, not devoid of serious moments, but with most of the deep tragedy element eliminated?

JANE B. JAMES,
St. Louis, Mo.

FIFTH PRIZE

RADIO'S CREATING AN IDEAL HOME-LIFE

Meet the radio in its new role—youth-builder. It is responsible for keeping the young folks at home, while at the same time giving them a decent place to enjoy dancing.

As more and more parents are realizing the needs of the younger set, more and more recreation rooms or living rooms with "rollable" rugs are coming into vogue.

As a result, the children are staying away from the roadhouses in droves —are avoiding the questionable surroundings with its liquor and cigarettes. They'd rather bring the gang to the home, turn on the radio, and dance to their hearts' content.

Here's to the radio. It has made possible a new era of homelife for American youth.

WENDELL KNOWLES,
Salina, Kansas

SIXTH PRIZE

GOOD LUCK, BERT PARKS!

When Bert Parks received the job of announcer on Eddie Cantor's program, that fellow got a break he deserved.

He not only has a good speaking voice, but when he sang on the new program, it was worth listening to.

Now, as the program moves from New York to California, don't be surprised if Announcer Parks gets another break by appearing in the movies.

Let's wish Bert Parks lots of good luck, and let's thank Eddie Cantor for coming along with an announcer worthy of the chance to show what he can do in the field of radio.

MARCELLA KAPLAN,
St. Paul, Minn.

SEVENTH PRIZE

YOU GET TO KNOW FAMOUS PEOPLE

Three cheers and a bouquet of orchids to that grand program, Information, Please!

It's my favorite program because it has famous people as the innocent victims of a barrage of questions. And frequently you find that even persons engaged in some important work, have a sense of humor, just like anyone else. I sometimes marvel at this or that person's extensive knowledge of opera, slang, history, geography, etc. Of course, some of the questions are simple—but even the simplest are sometimes the "catchiest."

Each week I look forward to the next program, which will bring me someone, whose novel I have read, who is a well-known personage or of whom I have read in the news.

YVONNE SHIMA,
Norwalk, Calif.

Thousands of women are changing to WINX —and no wonder! WINX Mascara is amazingly *fine in texture* . . . goes on evenly . . . looks more natural . . . makes lashes appear long and silky. WINX accents your eyes with *exotic beauty.* Try WINX Mascara today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil—in the GREEN PACKAGES—at drug, dept., and 10¢ stores.

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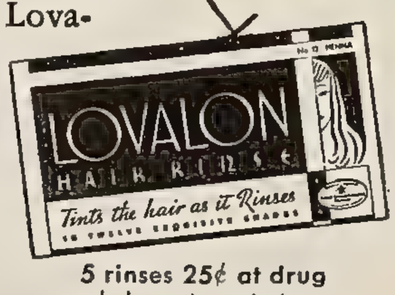

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Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

LOVALON
the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(*Continued from page* 36)

voice was as cruel and crisp as the lash of a whip. "It isn't for *you* to decide what you're to tell me and what not," he said. "Tell me *everything.*"

"Well," I said, thinking fast and talking fast. "I came here with that agreement in my brief case. I was a little early, but I expected to find you and Mr. Foley here, or at least find someone at home."

"There was no one in?" he asked.

"No one answered the bell."

"How did you get in?"

"I walked in. The door was open."

"Are you accustomed to walking into strange houses. . . ."

STOP it," I said. "Don't you try to cross examine me. I'm working for Mr. Foley; I'm accountable to him. I came here at *his* request, not *yours.*"

The anger in my voice stopped him. He was silent for a second or two, then said, "I *beg* your pardon, Miss Bell. I was only trying to protect you."

"Protect me from what?"

"From the police."

"I don't want to be protected from the police. The police are my friends."

"The police," he said, "must never know that you were here."

"That's what *you* think," I told him.

"I'm speaking on behalf of Mr. Foley."

"I think Mr. Foley is quite capable of doing his own speaking."

He hesitated as though thinking out a new plan of attack. His voice became solicitous—too solicitous—I thought. "My dear Miss Bell," he said. "I didn't realize what a terrifying experience you've been through. Certainly to a young woman who is unaccustomed to scenes of violence, this is a great shock, a very great—er—ah—emotional shock. I want you to go out and wait in my car. I assure you you'll be quite safe there. Nothing will happen, and I'll go up and investigate. I think you're quite right. If you are to receive any instructions, they should come from Mr. Foley, the man for whom you are working."

"But you can't investigate," I told him. "The lights are off."

"I know the house," he said. "I'll grope my way."

"Well, *I'm* not going with you," I told him.

"I don't want you to. I want you to go out and sit in the car. I'll see what I can find." And he slipped quietly down the dark corridor.

I started toward the automobile which was parked at the curb, then remembered my brief case. I ran back, and retrieved it after some fumbling around, returned to the automobile, opened the door, climbed in, and sat there, thinking what a strange combination Frank G. Padgham was. I would never have expected him to develop the moral courage to go into that dark house for the purpose of making an investigation.

There was a drugstore at the corner. I could see the light shining through the windows. It occurred to me they'd have a telephone, and something which had been merely a vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination.

I looked up at the dark house. The lights were still apparently off, judging by the diamond-shaped window in the hallway. I knew from experience that the curtains and hangings over the other windows were so heavy that it would be impossible to tell whether there were lights on in the other rooms.

I OPENED the door and slipped out to the sidewalk. There seemed to be no one in sight. I started walking rapidly toward the drugstore. I had been around in Hollywood long enough and had read newspapers to know what a precious thing a star's reputation is, whether he is in radio or movies—and Bruce Eaton was in both. Let him get in what is known as "a jam" and unfavorable publicity can ruin him, and I knew the studios were keenly alive to the situation. I felt that it was only fair Bruce Eaton should have an opportunity to defend himself.

I entered the drugstore, gave one of my best smiles to the clerk, and walked across to the telephone booth.

I looked for Bruce Eaton in the directory.

He wasn't listed. It occurred to me then that he wouldn't be. I called Information and pleaded with her to

It's Kenny Baker, made up to play the part of Nanki-Poo, in Universal's production of "The Mikado." Yum-Yum's played by Jean Colin.

give me Bruce Eaton's unlisted number. I told her it was a matter of life and death, something that was very, very important to Mr. Eaton, and my emotional storm was wasted against a wall of official reserve. I couldn't even get the smile out of her voice.

And then I remembered reading an article in a motion picture magazine about Bruce Eaton, only a few days ago. That article had mentioned the name of the agency which represented him. I couldn't recall the name offhand, but there was a magazine stand in the drugstore.

I LEFT the telephone booth, bought a copy of the magazine, and found the name I wanted. That name was listed in the telephone directory. I called the number. I hardly expected there'd be anyone at the office, but I thought perhaps Information would give me the number of . . . Someone answered the telephone, a soothingly competent masculine voice which seemed to say, "All right, you've got me now. There's nothing to worry about. Tell me what it is."

I didn't want Mr. Padgham to know I'd been telephoning. Time was short. I didn't have any opportunity to ask questions, and I certainly didn't want anyone to ask *me* questions. "Listen," I said, "your agency represents Bruce Eaton. I happen to have some information of the greatest importance to Mr. Eaton."

"Yes," the voice said. "We represent him. Can you tell me who this is talking?"

"No," I said, "but I have a message which *must* get to Mr. Eaton right away."

This time the voice seemed to have lost some of its cordiality. "What's the message?" it asked.

"Please tell Mr. Eaton that the young woman who removed his gag recognized him, that her telephone number is . . ." That was making it sound too much like a mash proposition, so I added hastily, "Please tell him that if he wants to get in touch with the young woman who removed his gag, he can call Miss Bell at the law office of William C. Foley, and Miss Bell will see that any messages he desires to give are duly transmitted."

"Can't you tell me something more about what you're referring to?" the voice asked. "Can't you be a little more specific? After all, you know there are lots of people who admire Mr. Eaton both as an individual and as an actor. Many of them try to get in touch with him. We have literally hundreds of messages which we simply can't transmit, because it wouldn't do any good. Mr. Eaton couldn't even begin to . . .

"Listen," I interrupted. "This is a matter of life and death. You're interested in Mr. Eaton—in any event, you're interested in his earning capacity. If you don't do just as I say, his earning capacity may take a nose dive, and I haven't time to argue about it."

I slammed up the telephone receiver and walked from the telephone booth conscious of the fact that the clerk had mistaken my smile for an invitation, and was smirking all over his fat face.

After I'd left the drugstore, I walked just as fast as I could make my legs move.

Halfway to the house I received a sudden shock. There was no automobile at the curb!

I kept on walking, hoping against hope that my eyes had deceived me. I wondered what Mr. Padgham would think, wondered if, perhaps, he'd decided I knew more about the affair of the Spanish house than I'd disclosed to him.

An automobile swung around the corner behind me, coming at high speed. As the car swayed on its springs and skidded slightly, the brilliant illumination of the headlights swung far over to the left, held me in their pitiless brilliance, then went over to the right and back again to the left. I heard the sound of tires protesting against the too sudden application of brakes.

After what I'd been through, my nerves were ragged. I started to run. Then I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling. "What is it, Miss Bell?"

I turned back toward the car. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life.

"Has something happened?" he asked.

"Yes," I told him.

"What?"

"Lots of things," I said.

HE glanced at the brief case under my arm. "Do you still have the agreement?"

"I held on to it through thick and thin," I said, laughing nervously.

"Want to get in?" he asked.

Did I? I ran around the car and climbed in beside him.

"Tell me about it," he urged.

"So I started in and told him the whole thing from the beginning, from the time the car had tried to run over me until Mr. Padgham had sent me out to wait in his car. The only thing

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NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

I held out on was Bruce Eaton and that key. Somehow I didn't exactly think it would be cricket to tell even Mr. Foley—at any rate, not until Bruce Eaton's agent had had an opportunity to tell him to communicate with me.

"Then *you* don't know whether the man in that room had been murdered or had died a natural death?"

"No, only what Mr. Padgham said."

"You don't even know of your own knowledge whether he was dead or not?"

"Certainly not," I said. "I didn't go in the room."

"But Padgham left you in the automobile and went up to that room."

"That's where he said he was going."

"How long ago was that?"

"Perhaps ten minutes."

"And what were you doing in the meantime?"

"I . . . I went down to the drugstore," I said. "I was coming right back."

"You shouldn't have done that," he told me. "Padgham may have become worried about you."

I DON'T think he'll ever waste much time worrying about anyone except Padgham," I said.

"Tell me about his emotional reactions when you told him about this dead man."

"I think at first," I said, "when I answered the door and it was all dark inside, he was absolutely terror stricken. He . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," Foley interrupted impatiently. "That isn't what I meant. I want to know how he reacted when you were telling him about what you'd found in the house."

"Well," I said, "it was dark, of course, and I couldn't see his facial expression, but . . ."

"Never mind the facial expression. You heard him talk. What about his voice?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Foley," I said, "but I couldn't tell a thing from his voice. I havent your ability to read characters and emotions from voices."

"What did he say when you told him about a dead man in the room on the second floor. What words did he use?"

"He said 'Oh—Good Lord!'"

"Now you're certain about that?"

"Absolutely certain. I remember particularly that's what he said."

"All right," Foley said. "Mimic the way he said it just as well as you can."

"But," I protested, "I couldn't mimic Mr. Padgham."

"I dont mean that particularly. What I mean is tell me *how* he said it. Was the accent on the 'oh' or on the 'Lord', or did he roll the r's in 'Lord'? Did . . ."

"He rolled the r's in 'Lord', I said. "I remember distinctly. He said 'Oh—Good Lor-r-r-d!!'"

"And how about the 'Oh'? Was it accented?"

"No, he soft-pedalled that and came down heavy on the last word."

There were several seconds of silence while my boss sat there thinking. At length, I gained the temerity to ask, "Does that signify anything, Mr. Foley?"

He said thoughtfully, "I think it does," and then turning, smiled at me and said, "But as yet, I don't know just what."

"Do you want to go to the house?" I asked.

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What Becomes of the Girls Who

Run Away?

Every day across the nation, young, sweet, attractive girls are disappearing from the protection of their parents' homes. Some are abducted directly into slavery. Others, because of escapades with boys, failure at school or other trouble, vanish almost as completely. Inexperienced, tragically unprepared to battle against the odds of a world arrayed against them, they find its grim realities too much to fight alone. What becomes of them then?

Stella A. Miner, Director of the Girls' Service League of America, has seen thousands of these cases, and in May True Story Magazine she reveals the stories of some of the runaway girls she knows. Their case histories will give you a new understanding of the problems and the tragedies of the girls who run away!

May True Story MAGAZINE

20th ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

"No," he said, shortly. "It's too late now." He swung his car in the middle of the block, and turned back toward the drugstore. "Did you," he asked, "notice whether there was a public telephone booth in the drugstore?"

I knitted my forehead into a frown as though trying to recall, and said, "Yes, there's a telephone booth there."

It was a species of white lie, but I hoped it would be justified under the circumstances. I knew that in order to protect Bruce Eaton I was going to have to tell plenty of white lies, and I might just as well get in practice. . . . I wondered if he'd call me.

LOOK here," Mr. Foley said, interrupting my thoughts. "Let's get one thing straight. Exactly *when* did the lights go out?"

"Right after I'd discovered this dead man there in the room."

Mr. Foley slid the car to a stop in front of the drugstore, but made no motion to open the door. "Now, tell me once more," he said, "about your conversation with Mr. Padgham."

Once more I related the conversation, and once more Mr. Foley sat staring straight ahead, his forehead furrowed in concentration.

After several seconds of silence, I said, "Did you want to do something about a telephone?"

He nodded, but still made no move to open the car door or to get out.

"Is there," I asked, "anything wrong with my conversation with Mr. Padgham? Did I say anything to him that I shouldn't have?"

"No," he said, "that isn't what bothers me."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "Hasn't it impressed you as being significant that Mr. Padgham didn't ask you at any time *when* the lights had gone out?"

"That's right," I exclaimed. "He didn't."

"You can appreciate how significant it is," Mr. Foley said. "The man drives up to a house where he has an appointment. He naturally expects to have someone answer his ring in a conventional manner. He doesn't know that the house is dark, but thinks probably that curtains across the diamond-shaped window in the front door keep him from seeing any illumination from within. All of a sudden, the door swings open. A tunnel of darkness looms ahead in place of the lighted corridor the man had expected to see. A woman tells him about finding a dead man on the upper floor.

"Now one of the first questions a person would naturally ask is 'Well, what's wrong with the lights? *When* did they go off?' Now, you're certain Mr. Padgham didn't ask you that question or something like it?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"Go into that drugstore," Mr. Foley said. "Tell the clerk that you're too nervous to telephone. Ask him to telephone police headquarters and report a dead man at that address. Tell him that you have reason to believe the man may have been murdered. Then turn around and walk out."

"What if he asks me questions?" I wanted to know.

"Walk out," he said.

"Shouldn't I telephone the police myself?"

"No, I don't want you to give them your name. If you telephone them, it will simply be an anonymous call, and if you ever find yourself in a position where you have to establish the fact that *you* placed that call, you can't do it. By going in the drugstore and asking the clerk to place the call you'll have an out if you need it."

"I see your point," I told him. "Here goes."

I didn't tell him that I'd already impressed my personality on the clerk, because I didn't want to tell him about that first telephone call I'd made. I jumped to the curb, crossed the sidewalk, and knew as soon as I saw the clerk's face that he thought he'd made a conquest, that I'd trumped up some excuse to come back and get acquainted.

I HAD one satisfaction about delivering my message. It wiped the smirk off that man's face, and while he was standing there still dazed from the impact of the news I'd given him, I turned and went sailing out the door to Mr. Foley's car.

"And now what?" I asked.

"Now," he said, "you can deliver the agreement to me, and I'll deliver you to your home, and you'll try your level best to forget all about it."

I handed him the brief case. He stopped the car, opened the brief case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty!

Only one day on the job, and already involved in a murder case! Is Claire getting into deeper trouble by withholding some of the information in her possession from Mr. Foley? Read the next instalment of this swiftly-paced mystery story in the June issue of RADIO MIRROR, *on sale April 26th.*

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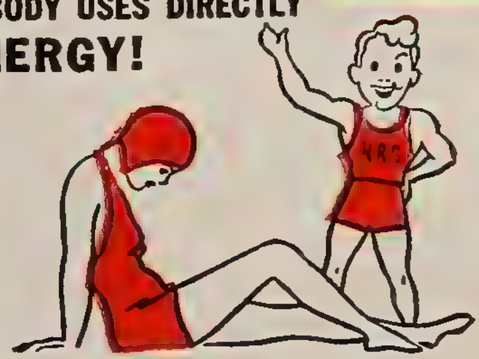

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I Will Live

(*Continued from page* 19)

doctor who prophesied that tragic future for her was a wise man, but there was one thing he didn't understand: the sheer, indomitable courage of the human heart.

It is almost unbelievable, this story. . . .

Barbara Luddy was not out of babyhood when infantile paralysis first struck her. Not that the physician who diagnosed her case knew what was wrong. He said she was suffering from spinal meningitis.

Barbara doesn't remember her father. He and Mrs. Luddy were divorced when she was still in her crib. The father she *does* remember was Dr. Newton Sproule, whom her mother married when Barbara was six. Cultured, brilliant, charming, Dr. Sproule had come from his native Toronto to the prairies of Montana to absorb the dry summer sun into his tubercular lungs. Instead of returning to Toronto he became a country doctor in the United States' rough northwest—in Harlem, a tiny dot of a settlement in the midst of the rolling plains, not far from Helena.

IT was Dr. Sproule, in the little hospital he set up in Harlem, who first correctly diagnosed Barbara's illness, and started her on a series of exercises and manipulations designed to strengthen her weakened muscles.

They were happy, the three people of that family. Dr. Sproule's lungs were getting stronger. His practice was good and his hospital was a success. Babs' condition was improving. Mrs. Sproule was forgetting the unhappiness of her first marriage.

Then a typhoid epidemic struck Harlem. The hospital, designed to accommodate forty patients, was suddenly deluged by a hundred and fifty desperately ill townspeople and farmers. Five cots were jammed into single rooms. Doctors—Sproule and his assistants—and nurses were overworked, soon exhausted. Mrs. Sproule, already suffering from a slight cough that was too similar to her husband's, joined the nurses in caring for the patients.

At the height of the epidemic a blizzard swept down out of the north. Into the hospital struggled a half-frozen, exhausted man. His wife was giving birth to a baby on their farm twenty miles out on the prairie. Would Dr. Sproule . . . . ?

Of course Dr. Sproule would attend her. He left the hospital alone, ordering the prospective father to remain behind for treatment. One of his feet had been badly frozen.

The father, however, disobeyed orders—and saved Dr. Sproule's life. Half way to his home he found the doctor's car, stalled in the mounting drifts. A few feet away was the doctor himself, half buried in the snow, sunk in the coma which precedes death by freezing. He revived Sproule, and together they reached the farm, where Sproule brought the man's baby into the world.

But the experience took lasting toll of the doctor's health. By the time he got back to the hospital he was desperately ill. And there he found that his wife had also become a patient, worn out by the strain of caring for the hospital full of people.

Both husband and wife were bedridden much of the time from then on. Gradually they lost what money they'd accumulated, and the hospital passed into other hands.

Babs was six years old, and the World War was in its last hysterical months. She didn't understand the War, any more than she understood the tragedy that had come into her mother's and step-father's lives, but it was fun to stand on the back of a truck and sing patriotic songs in drives for savings stamps. And later, a day or two after the Armistice, it was thrilling to be part of the patriotic vaudeville bill at the American Theater in Butte.

Babs didn't know it then, but this was her first professional engagement. She sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and for the climax spread her folded arms to display the American flag draped behind her. It brought down the house. Someone threw a silver dollar on the stage. Other coins followed. Soon Babs, still singing, was running around the stage gathering up coins from the footlight trough, under the piano, in the wings.

Her success in this one professional appearance led naturally to an offer from the Pantages circuit, and she became part of a traveling company heading for the west coast. Under Dr. Sproule's guidance, she added dancing to her effortless lyric soprano voice. They were highly original dance steps, those sinuous Oriental twists and twirls which she worked out with the doctor. What audiences didn't know was that each movement had been planned by the canny doctor to straighten her curved spine and partially paralyzed right leg.

Dr. and Mrs. Sproule went along on the tour, of course. Dr. Sproule was anxious to get to Hollywood, hoping to develop a medical practice there, in a climate more healthy for his weak lungs. But his condition grew worse, and soon he was in the Los Angeles county hospital—to remain there for the rest of his brief life.

Babs sang and danced wherever she could. Once she was in a burlesque show, where the world-weary, cynical show-girls guarded the child with almost motherly devotion. Her mother and step-father were bitterly ashamed that their little girl must work in such an environment—but there was nothing they could do. They *had* to have the money.

A TIME was coming, though, when Babs would see her career—her first career—brought to an abrupt end. She was singing in a San Diego theater when, in the very middle of a song, her voice failed her. She opened her mouth, and not a sound came out. In agony, she looked at the orchestra leader, who was quick-witted enough to signal his men for a crescendo while Babs pretended to finish the song.

Her singing voice was gone. That was obvious when the curtain came down. A little of her carefully guarded money went to a doctor who said the trouble was overwork and advised complete rest for the vocal chords.

Luckily, Mrs. Sproule was again on the road to health and for two years Barbara went to school while her mother worked. There were more

than ordinary living expenses to be met, too . . . little luxuries now and then to make the long days and nights in the hospital more pleasant for Dr. Sproule . . . and treatments for Babs.

Just one month before she was fourteen Babs came into Dr. Sproule's hospital room, her face streaked with tears. With her were her mother and the doctor who had been treating her. Without any preliminaries, he announced that Babs must begin wearing a back brace to compensate for the weakened leg.

WEAKLY, but determinedly, Dr. Sproule refused to permit it.

His thin hand, almost transparent now, lay on both of Babs'. "Listen, Babs," he said. "Most of your life so far, you've had to take care of yourself, and—we've got to face it—you probably always will have to. You've had no formal education. All you know is the entertainment business—but you do know that. And you can't be an entertainer if you wear braces. You mustn't—*you must not*—wear them. *You are not going to look like a cripple!*"

Exhausted by the intensity of his emotion, he fell back upon the pillows. But he'd won his fight. No braces were ordered for Barbara, and a few days later she applied for work as an extra at the movies' Central Casting Bureau.

Because she was not yet fourteen she lied. She gave her age as sixteen. If she had given her real age, a prospective employer would have been forced by law to hire a tutor for her—something no film company would bother to do for a mere extra.

The gods must have been in a cruelly humorous mood when Central Casting called Barbara for the first time. For she was to report at the Butterfly Comedy studios to test for a part—as a bathing beauty!

It seemed foolhardy even to answer the call, but she did. One of six hundred bathing girls, she paraded before the cool, critical eye of the camera. She even persuaded the director, who didn't know her from Eve, to give her girl friend a test too.

Later she was called back. This time the director asked her to face the camera again. She did, breathlessly afraid, but guarding that weakened leg by letting it rest casually from a bent knee, only the toe touching the ground.

"Will you kick your right leg, please?" the director asked politely.

This was the end. "I can but I'd rather not," Barbara replied.

The director nodded, as if in confirmation. "Yes," he said, "that's what your friend told me—the one *you* persuaded me to test. . . ."

But he gave her a contract anyway. So cleverly had she passed the preliminary tests that he hadn't noticed anything unusual. If she fooled him, he told her, she could fool audiences. The traitorous girl-friend has yet to make her appearance on any screen.

If only Babs' "father" could have lived to know!

For six months, until Butterfly Comedies went bankrupt, Babs was a bathing beauty. After that, while her mother worked in a doctor's office, she added to the family income with whatever work she could get, which wasn't much until, after about a year and a half, she landed a contract to co-star in a series of comedies for Fox Films.

That was Barbara's second career: as a rising young screen ingenue. Perhaps you'll laugh when you hear how it ended. Perhaps, on the other hand, you won't.

She began to gain weight. Six pounds crept up on her. And Barbara is only four feet ten inches tall, so that six extra pounds made a lot of difference, particularly before the camera. Her employers ordered her to lose weight. Nothing particularly unusual about that—it's done every day in Hollywood. But Barbara's doctor, when he heard of it, said simply:

"You may lose your film contract if you don't diet. But if you do diet, you'll lose your life!"

GIVE up the hard-won position. Start all over again from the beginning. Try again. Make the rounds of the few theatrical producers on the west coast. Keep going. Keep going—

But Barbara Luddy wasn't entirely unknown by this time, and it wasn't too long before she was given the ingenue lead opposite Leo Carrillo in "Lombardi, Ltd.," in which she did such a good job that when Carrillo decided to take the play to Australia he urged her to go along.

She refused.

Something had happened to Barbara. She'd fallen in love, with a handsome young British actor that we might as well call Michael. They were going to be married, and Barbara had no desire to leave California and Michael.

Then, just before the Australian

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tour was to start, Barbara capitulated. She called Carrillo and told him she'd go along. Why? The answer is something that Barbara has kept locked in her heart until now.

Her doctor had told her that she must never marry. Not only that, he said, but the chances were she might be a hopeless cripple in seven years.

That is the doom which Barbara has carried everywhere with her for the last seven years, never telling anyone except her mother—who knew, already. Until he reads this article, Michael has never been able to solve the mystery of why Barbara suddenly broke off their engagement and went to Australia with Leo Carrillo's show. She apologized for hurting him . . . but she never told.

SHE kept silence throughout the Australian tour, and then she returned to the United States to find that the depression had wiped out all theatrical activity on the west coast. She kept silence—and grimly, doggedly set out to begin a fourth career, as a radio actress.

Determination made that fourth career a success, and determination—nothing else—has banished the fear of being a cripple.

The doctor who threatened dire consequences if she didn't wear a back brace was wrong. The doctor who promised her the painful bed of the hopeless paralytic before March of this year was wrong.

Not only has she proved them wrong, but she's gone on to horseback riding and dancing. And now ice skating. It was Bret Morrison, who plays the role of the First Nighter, who got her on a horse. Through his close friendship with her, he discovered her envy of those who could ride. At last he found out, too, why she was afraid to try. He scoured Chicago until he found a side-saddle, and almost forced her to try it. After a year of riding, dancing, skating, Barbara visited a famous specialist, who told her she need never worry again.

Today some people laugh when they see Barbara riding a horse with that old-fashioned saddle. They put it down, no doubt, to an actress' affectation. But Barbara laughs with them. She can afford to—now. She can afford to laugh at so many things because for the first time in years she is safe.

Foolish Fancy, Maybe

(*Continued from page* 14)

where I couldn't afford to go; and I knew no one in Detroit who would take me there.

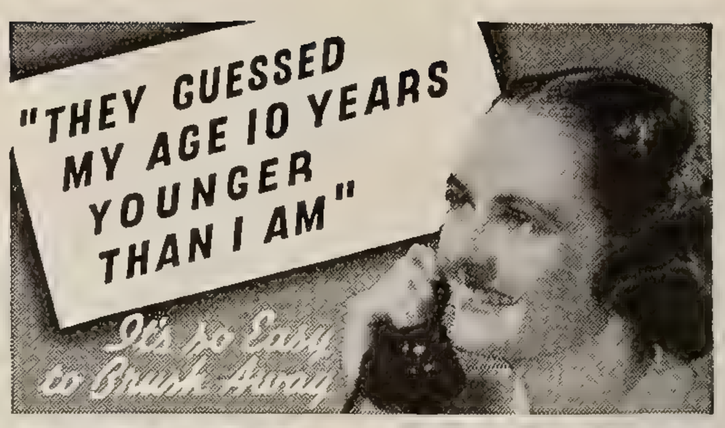
Something had to be done, and for three days I racked my brain, trying to think what it would be. Then I remembered that night when Randy interviewed me on the air. That was it! I'd go to see him, try to persuade him he needed a girl singer, and ask if I couldn't have the job. He'd never give it to me, but at least I'd have a chance to talk to him, and then—well, who knew what would happen?

I went to the hotel where he was staying, and boldly asked for Randy Blake on one of the house telephones. A man's voice answered, and I asked for Mr. Blake.

"Who's calling?" the man asked.

"Tell Mr. Blake it's Rita Sullivan—we met in Chicago."

There was a pause at the other end



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BOX OFFICE POISON

—*A Year Later*

Last year a red-bordered ad appeared in Hollywood which became a national sensation. It was signed by the Independent Theatre Owners' Association of New York and accused a number of high salaried motion picture stars of being "Box office poison". A wail of anguish swept through the West coast—stars and their agents threatened to sue—fans sent explosive letters to producers and then—

Twelve months have passed. Were the Independent Theatre Owners right or wrong? What has become of the stars then listed as "poison"?

Movie Mirror has just completed a careful investigation of the situation as it now stands. Its special investigator went straight to the headquarters of the Independent Owners' Association and learned some astonishing things about the popularity of the stars—things that have a direct bearing on pictures of the future.

You as a movie fan should know what these things are. They are all included in Dora Albert's feature article titled "Box Office 'Poison'—a Year Later" appearing in Movie Mirror for May. They will interest you, amaze you, enlighten you. Do not miss it. Get your copy of the May issue today.

movie MIRROR

of the line, and I waited, my heart pounding. Would the trick work? Or would Randy know that he hadn't met any Rita Sullivan in Chicago? Then the man came back to the phone.

"Will you come up?" he said. "Suite 412."

THERE were several men in suite 412, but I had eyes for only one—Randy, standing tall and self-possessed in the middle of the room. He looked at me blankly for a moment—then his face cleared.

"Why, it's the little girl with the big brown eyes!" he said. "What are you doing in Detroit?"

I breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving for his friendliness. It hadn't seemed possible to me that Randy would be anything but friendly, but I was awfully glad to be reassured.

"I—I think you ought to have a girl singer with your band," I said.

His brows went up in mock amazement. "You do? And I'll bet you'd like to be her."

"Yes," I said, "I would."

Randy looked at the other men in the room. "Well," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "Maybe she's right, boys. Maybe I *do* need a girl singer. Can't ever tell." He turned back to me. "Ever do any professional work?"

"N-no," I admitted. "Just at private parties."

"Um-hm," he said, regarding me thoughtfully. Then he turned abruptly on his heel and went over to a grand piano in the corner of the room. "Come on. Let's see what you can do."

I hadn't bargained on anything quite as sudden as this. I'd expected Randy either to turn me down completely or talk to me a while and make an appointment for a regular audition.

"Why—I—" I stammered. "Right now?"

"Sure," he said crisply. "No time like the present." He ran his fingers over the keys. "What'll it be?"

"Oh—'Melancholy Baby,'" I said. It was an old song, but one I'd always liked.

When I'd finished the song Randy sat on a moment at the piano, striking thoughtful chords, before he turned and said kindly, "I'm sorry, Rita—Miss Sullivan, I mean. You'd have to have more training before we could use you. . . . I really am sorry."

"Well—thank you anyway," I said.

He took my arm and began walking slowly toward the door. "Not at all. It was nice of you to come up. Come back in—oh, in a couple of years, and then we'll see."

We were at the door now, he was waiting politely for me to leave. I couldn't face his courtesy and kindness—so friendly and yet so impersonal. I turned quickly and went out.

I walked slowly down the corridor to the elevators, pressed a button, waited for the car to stop for me. So that ended that. I'd met him, and I still didn't know him. He lived in one world, I in another. And there was no use in my trying to break into his life. The words of the song I'd just sung kept running through my mind. "Foolish fancy, maybe." Mine had been a foolish fancy, and no maybe about it.

"Excuse me," a diffident voice said beside me. I turned, to find a boy who looked vaguely familiar standing at my elbow. "Excuse me," he said again, "but I'm Johnny Mack. I play sax for Randy. I was back there in his room, just now."

"Oh—of course," I said, recognizing him.

"Won't you come and have a bite to eat with me?" he asked. "I—I'd like to talk to you, if you don't mind."

I hadn't the least idea of what he wanted, but I agreed at once. He was a nice-looking young fellow—he couldn't have been more than twenty-two. He had a shy, bashful manner that was very appealing, and his gray eyes were gentle and respectful.

HE led me into the coffee-room of the hotel, and found a quiet booth for us.

"You know," he said after he'd given the waitress our order, "I used to see you in Chicago. You came to the Shalimar a lot, didn't you?"

"Yes—almost every night, I guess." He had, I noticed, just a trace of Southern accent—not much, just enough to lend his voice a soft, drawling quality.

"Um-hum." He nodded, and picked up a fork and began earnestly tracing elaborate patterns on the table-cloth. "You'll probably think I'm butting in where it isn't any of my business," he went on, "but—well, how'd you happen to come to Detroit? If you wanted to get a job singing with the band, why didn't you ask Randy in Chicago?"

"I didn't—I didn't think of it," I said lamely.

"Oh. Well, I still don't see— There are lots of other bands in Chicago. Why didn't you try one of them?"

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That was a tough question to answer. I hesitated, thinking. I looked across the table at his intent, honest face. I'd only known him a few minutes, but I felt instinctively he was my friend. He might have been the boy who sat next to me in a class at college. And I did want, terribly, to confide in someone.

"I don't really want to be a singer," I confessed. "I just want to be where Randy Blake is."

He didn't seem surprised or shocked. "It's like that, is it?"

"Yes," I said, "it's like that. You won't tell him?"

"Of course not," he promised. "You know, I think maybe I can help you. Randy's been thinking for some time he needed a girl singer—that's where you're lucky. But he doesn't know from nothing the kind of singer he wants—that's where you're unlucky. Now, I listened to you just now, and your voice is terrible."

"It is not!" I flashed back at him. It was all right for me to admit to myself that my voice was terrible, but I didn't intend to let other people say so.

HE just grinned at me. "Yes it is, and you know it. But it's also got something. I don't know what—a sort of a warm, throaty quality that would sound swell over a mike. You couldn't make yourself heard across the room with those pipes of yours, but amplified on a mike—well, then they might be swell."

"Randy doesn't think so," I reminded him.

"I know it, but maybe I can fix it so he will." And that was all he'd say, except to urge me to stay around Detroit for a week or so, and to promise that he'd come to see me the next afternoon. He also asked if I had any money, and I told him I had plenty in the bank; after which he arranged to cash a check for me at the hotel. I hadn't even thought of the difficulty of getting checks cashed in a strange town.

For a week nothing happened. I saw Johnny every afternoon, but he would only smile mysteriously and tell me not to worry. Nevertheless, I did. I wanted terribly to see Randy, and I knew, unless Johnny's mysterious plan bore fruit, I never would. Many times, in the long dark nights, I resolved to pack up the next morning and go back to Chicago—but in the mornings I felt better, and decided to stay on one more day.

Then, one afternoon, Johnny announced that everything was set.

"Are you game to sing on the air, over a little local station?" he asked. "At noon tomorrow?"

"Of course—but how—"

He chuckled. "I had to do some tall finagling, but here's the set-up. The people at the station think you're somebody Randy wants to try out, so they're willing to give you a quarter-hour of time. I gave 'em a phoney name for you—Lucille Ames. And Randy doesn't know anything about it at all. At noon tomorrow I'll see that his set is on and tuned to your station. Then, if he likes you, he'll think he discovered you himself. If he doesn't—well, you haven't got what I think you have."

I didn't sleep a wink that night, and the next morning as I walked to the station I felt as if I were on my way to the electric chair. But once before the microphone in the shabby little

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one-horse studio, my nervousness miraculously fell away. After all, I thought, if I failed, nobody except Johnny and I would know. As a result, when I finished, the studio pianist who had accompanied me looked at me with genuine approval.

I hurried back to my rooming house and waited. The hours dragged by, and slowly I lost heart. Something had gone wrong. Randy didn't like me—or perhaps he hadn't listened at all. Then, late in the afternoon, quick steps sounded in the hall, and Johnny knocked on my door.

"Randy wants to see you!" he beamed. "I was right—you *have* got something in that funny little voice of yours. And if Randy will take a joke—well, you're hired!"

MY emotions were very different the second time I entered suite 412 at Randy's hotel, from what they'd been the first time. I was twice as scared, for one thing. But what really worried me was Randy's reaction when he learned the truth. If he was angry and unkind, I didn't think I could stand it.

"This is the girl you heard on the air," was all Johnny said.

Randy's mouth fell open. For a moment he looked absolutely stunned. "You—" he said, and stopped. Then he began to laugh, and I knew I had won.

From that moment, I stepped into a new world—the strange, topsy-turvy world of danceland, where you work at night and have daytime to yourself, except for rehearsal periods.

Being in Randy's band was all I'd ever thought it could be, and more. Randy knew all about how Johnny and I had tricked him into listening to me on the air, but he never held it against us.

For my first few days I only did one or two songs an evening, but one afternoon Randy spent about four hours alone with me, playing the piano while I went over and over half a dozen songs. At last he gave a satisfied sigh and jumped up from the piano stool.

"One more session like that and you'll be a real asset to the gang," he said. "Now let's go downstairs and have something to eat."

As we went down in the elevator and through the crowded lobby to the luxurious hotel grill, I couldn't help marvelling, thinking how wonderful it was that in a few short days my entire life had changed. It didn't seem possible that I was with Randy Blake, the man I loved, sitting opposite him at a snowy-white table while an obsequious waiter received his order.

"How do you like the band business now?" he asked.

"I love it!" I assured him with such obvious enthusiasm that he smiled.

"You're a funny little kid," he said. "I can't quite make you out. How about that college course at Northwestern? School will be opening again soon."

"Who wants to go to school when she can be singing in Randy Blake's band?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Not you, evidently. But—well, I wish you'd tell me why you followed us to Detroit, instead of asking for a job in Chicago."

It was the same question, almost that Johnny had asked me, and I still didn't have a convincing answer to it—except the truth. "I didn't think you'd hire me," I murmured.

"But, thinking I wouldn't hire you, you came all the way from Chicago to Detroit? I don't get it."

I couldn't answer. I raised my eyes to his. For a long minute our glances locked. I saw first unbelief, then tenderness, steal into his face.

"You're very sweet," he said softly.

After that, I remember, we were very gay. Randy told me story after story about the band and about himself—things I was sure he would have told no one else. And when we parted, I was so happy I could scarcely keep from dancing down the street to my rooming house, where I was still living.

WONDERFUL days followed. I loved the band work, of course, but even more I loved being with Randy. Often, on afternoons when there was no rehearsal, he'd hire a car and we'd drive out into the country, and those sunlit hours were the happiest I'd ever spent.

We never spoke of love, but I said to myself that could wait. Words weren't needed, anyway. The occasional touch of Randy's hand, his high spirits when we were together—these alone were enough to convince me of his affection.

I saw a good deal of Johnny, too, because of course there were times when the business affairs of the band tied Randy up and he couldn't get away. But the hours I spent with Johnny were subtly different from those with Randy. Johnny and I were like a couple of happy kids, ex-

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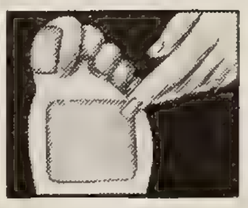

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

ploring the city together, going to movies and arguing over the merits of different dance bands. I might as well have been another boy, for all the difference sex made in our relationship.

I wrote to my parents, telling them that I had decided not to return to school. After the last week in August, the band was going into another hotel engagement in Minneapolis, and I was looking forward eagerly to the excitement of departure.

But about a week before we were to leave Detroit I sensed that something was wrong. Randy seemed preoccupied and worried, and I never saw him except at rehearsals or performances. I racked my brain, trying to think of some way in which I had offended him, and finally I ran after him as rehearsal was breaking up.

"Randy," I said, "what's the matter? I never see you any more."

He patted my hand and smiled. "Nothing's wrong, baby. I'm just figuring on changing the style of the band a little."

"Changing the style! But—"

"SWING isn't going to last forever, Rita," he said seriously. "I've been thinking the pendulum's about due to start back the other way—and I want to get a little jump on the other bands, so I'm going to modify the style. That's the only reason I've been busy lately—just figuring out what was the best thing to do."

He hurried on, leaving me feeling strangely worried. I couldn't believe that he was doing the right thing, but after all, he knew a great deal more about the band business than I did.

Rumors of the coming changes began to circulate among the boys in the band, too. The whole atmosphere was changed. Instead of the happy, easy-going, carefree spirit of a few days before, there was a tension in the air. During rest periods the boys would gather in each other's dressing rooms, whispering, wondering.

Even so, I was entirely unprepared for what happened the day before we were to leave Detroit. Johnny came around, about eleven in the morning, to my rooming house.

"Randy wants to see you," he said, and I'd never seen him so serious.

I was all ready to go out for breakfast, so I took his arm and we began walking down the street. He wouldn't answer any of my apprehensive questions.

Randy was all alone in his suite when I entered. He drew up a chair for me, and sat down himself.

"Rita—" he began, and paused, as if uncertain how to go on.

"Yes, Randy."

"Baby, you've got a great future. In the few weeks you've been with me you've improved more than I ever thought a girl singer could. I think you're a real discovery. And so I hope you won't be mad when I tell you what I've done."

I rubbed the palms of my hands together nervously. They were suddenly damp. "Yes, Randy?" I said again.

"I told you I was going to make some changes in the band's style. Well, it's all set. As soon as we get to Minneapolis we're going to dig in and start working on a lot of new arrangements I've had fixed up. But that isn't the important part, for you. I've—I've got a job for you with Muff Elkins' band in New York, if you want it. I knew you were just the

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Do You Talk "Baby Talk" to Your Baby?

If you do, you are doing him no favor. Just how and why "baby talk" is very bad for baby is fully explained in Physical Culture for May by Dr. Mary Halton, famous baby specialist. Read her article and we venture to say that "baby talk" is one handicap under which he will have to live no longer.

Other Helpful Features in the May Issue

How Medical Dictators Fought Public Health Program by Brigadier General James A. Ryan • Rules to End Your Worries • What's Wrong with the Discontented Wife? • Sleep Keeps Them Wide Awake • Charm For the Young Female Executive • Fight for Physical Fitness • The Arrow Points to Health, feminine exercise feature by Helen Macfadden • Dr. McLean's Lusty Legacy • Physical Culture Nutrition Department and many other helpful features and departments.

Physical Culture
ON SALE AT ALL NEWS STANDS

girl Muff's been looking for, and he wired me, taking you on my recommendation, this morning."

I stared in amazement at the slip of yellow paper he produced from his pocket. "But I don't want to leave you!" I burst out.

"I can't keep you, Rita," he said simply. "I've hired Diana Blue to sing with the band. You know who she is, of course."

YES, I knew. A "name". A big name in the danceband business. With her as a featured artist, Randy Blake's band would be a bigger draw.

He was trying to spare my feelings, but in spite of himself his eyes shone with excitement as he went on: "Don't you see what a wonderful thing it is to be able to get her? We'll really go places now, with the band! And you're going places too, Rita—in a few months you'll have all New York talking about you."

"Randy! I don't want to leave you!" I cried.

"But don't you see," he explained patiently, "I haven't got a place for you in the band, any more. If it had been anybody else but you I'd never even have bothered to fix you up with Muff Elkins." He paused, looking at me intently. Then he added, very quietly: "This is business."

Business! The word echoed through my mind.

"I thought—I hoped there was something more than—just business—between us," I said at last.

"I'm sorry, Rita. I never wanted you to feel that way. I'm awfully fond of you—we've had lots of fun together, but—"

His voice trailed away, but I could finish the sentence myself. He was trying to tell me that he didn't love me, couldn't love me, couldn't love anything but his band and his career.

I rose and tried to smile. "I understand, Randy. It was good of you to recommend me to Muff."

"He wants you right away, so I'll wire him you're leaving tonight," Randy said, obviously relieved that I wasn't going to cry.

"Tonight?"

"Sure, why not? There's a train at midnight."

Packing, farewells, singing for the last time. . . . I went through them all in numb misery. I was going to New York, to a strange new future—yet all I could think of was that Randy didn't love me.

It was eleven-thirty. I'd said goodbye to the boys in the band, and to Randy, during the interval before the supper show. Johnny, pressing my hand, had promised to get away long enough to see me off.

I went home, picked up my bags, and took a taxi to the station. Sure enough, there was Johnny, pacing up and down the platform. I hadn't realized what a comfort it would be to have him wave good-bye.

With one of those bursts of efficiency which people use to cover their emotions at moments of parting, I attended to tickets, bags, porters—and then stopped, aware that nothing was left to do except say goodbye. We stood in the corridor of the Pullman car, waiting for the train to pull out.

"Thank you so much, Johnny, for all you've done," I said.

He shuffled his feet in embarrassment. "It wasn't anything."

The conductor's long-drawn call came: "Alll a-booooard!"

"Goodbye, Johnny," I said, holding out my hand.

"I—I—" he stammered.

The train began to glide slowly along the rails. "Johnny! Hurry up!" I cried.

"I—I'm going along!" he burst out. "*Some*body's got to take care of you!"

"Don't be foolish! Your clothes—your saxophone—they're all at the hotel. And you can't let Randy down"

I CAN'T let you down," he said, setting his chin stubbornly. "And I don't want to. I've been in love with you ever since you walked into Randy's room."

The train was running along fast now. I gazed at Johnny. The light in the corridor was dim and yellowish, but it was strong enough to show me what I'd never bothered to see before—the love and devotion in his clean-cut face, the assurance there that here was my kind of a man, one who really was a man and not a mere machine for making music. Johnny would never be a Randy Blake, but only because he didn't want to be—he wanted to be a human being.

Gratitude for him—for the mere fact that he was alive, beside me, loving me—filled my heart. It wasn't love for him that I felt—not yet. I knew that, but it didn't matter. There was time for that, plenty of time.

"Oh Johnny," I said, laughing to cover the lump in my throat, "and you haven't even got a toothbrush!"

He grinned, and dug down into his pocket. "Yes I have," he said. "I thought I might get up nerve to come along with you, so while I was waiting in the station I bought one!"

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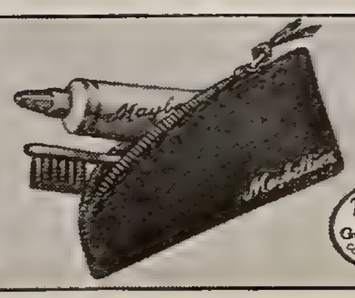

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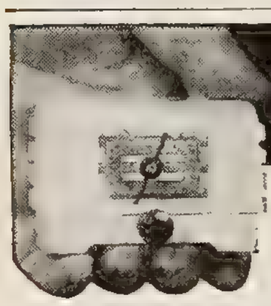

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What's New From Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 5)

Gazing out at the New York skyline one night, the young daughter of Richard Crooks saw the red neon RCA sign on the building of that name light up. "Oh, look!" she exclaimed, "they've lighted up Daddy's initials." Crooks is Richard's second name—his last is Alexander. And not every singer has his monogram atop a skyscraper.

* * *

Fred Waring is responsible for a custom that's growing into a beloved Broadway and Tin Pan Alley tradition. Song-pluggers and music publishers' representatives used to drop in to see him at all times of the day, and sometimes he couldn't see them because he was busy. So he began asking them to meet him for lunch at a nearby Automat restaurant, and now these Wednesday luncheons are a weekly event. Sometimes Fred pays for everything, sometimes the gang selects the victim by voting on some crazy thing like who has the loudest necktie, or who needs a haircut most. It's all grown to the proportions of a luncheon club now, with a guest bandleader invited every week, and only one standing rule—the song-pluggers can talk business to Fred, but never to the guest maestro.

* * *

Kay Lorraine, the new singing star of the CBS Your Hit Parade program, is probably the only girl who ever refused to come to New York for an audition, and got the job anyway. She was singing on KMOX in St. Louis when the Lucky Strike people heard about her and asked her to visit New York so they could listen to her. Well-meaning friends advised her not to go unless she had some assurance that she'd get the job, so she refused, but she was recommended so highly that they hired her nevertheless. The beautiful Kay wears a Sigma Nu fraternity pin which belongs to her husband, Ray Sweeney. He used to be a KMOX continuity writer and Kay's romance with him started in the KMOX studios. When she came to New York he threw up his job and came along, figuring that since radio had brought them together in the first place, it would be a shame to let radio separate them. Anyway, he says, it was cheaper to come along—saved the expenses of long-distance phone calls between New York and St. Louis.

* * *

BANGOR, Maine—Fifteen consecutive, uninterrupted years on the air is the proud record of Dr. Ashley A. Smith, pastor of Bangor's First Universalist church and founder of station WABI. Dr. Smith's weekly radio church service was started in 1924, and is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, on the air. WABI was started by him for the purpose of broadcasting services, and although he relinquished its operation to others several years ago, he continued his Sunday morning broadcasts.

* * *

Do you know a man who hears radio programs through his teeth? If you do, please get in touch with the Mutual Broadcasting System. They want him.

The whole unlikely story of John Morskowsky, who heard MBS programs without the aid of a receiving set, started last May, when Morskowsky came to the network offices, complaining because he was kept awake at night by their programs. Nobody heard them but John, but he heard them all the time the network was on the air. Mutual engineers analyzed his plight and discovered that he was actually getting radio reception through his teeth. He was a knife grinder by trade, and bits of carborundum from his whirling grindstone lodged in his teeth, converting them into an old-fashioned crystal radio set. When he lay down on his bed at night, its frame and springs made a very efficient antenna.

The engineers advised John to keep his teeth clean, and heard no more from him. Ever since then, though, scientists and doctors have been writing in, wanting to know more about him; and now the World's Fair would like to put him on exhibit, hoping to amaze visitors by amplifying the programs coming through his radio-set teeth. Now Mutual would really like to get him back, but they can't find him. The last report heard from him was that he'd sailed for his native

Together on the air and screen—Nan Grey and Bob Cummings in NBC's "Those We Love," and in Universal's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

Czechoslovakia—probably hoping they broadcast there on a wave-length his teeth couldn't pick up.

* * *

WASHINGTON—Phonograph records and riddles have made a winning combination in Arch McDonald's Grab Bag program on WJSV. Arch, who besides being one of WJSV's staff announcers, is one of the best sports broadcasters in the country, simply intersperses phonograph records with riddles and commercial announcements on the Grab Bag show. When the first person with the correct answer to a riddle telephones in, Arch reaches into his "grab bag" and pulls out a prize, which may be a dollar bill, tickets to a local theater, ball game or fight, or almost anything. It's all great fun, and the listeners keep the telephones busy.

At night, Arch is also heard on his seven-o'clock sports program, and during the baseball season of course he'll be on the air with play-by-play reports of the Washington Senators' games.

Arch was born in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and played football in high school. Sports weren't uppermost in his mind then, though, and in 1918 he went to Hollywood, where he was an extra in silent films. In 1919 he became a friend of Jack Dempsey's, and spent several years around training camps, getting acquainted with many sports champions, before he began announcing sports events over public address systems.

He was in Chattanooga, Tennessee, announcing baseball games, when station WDOD hired him to broadcast them on the air. He was with WDOD until 1934, when he joined WJSV, and has been there ever since.

Arch has been married for seventeen years, and has three children, Martha, Patsy and Sandy. His hobbies are amateur magic and acting. Last summer on the opening night of his appearance with a local amateur group in "The Old Soak" he had an automobile accident and broke an ankle. The accident held up the presentation of the play for several weeks, but his sports broadcast went on as usual from his hospital room.

* * *

Remember Allie Lowe Miles of the Husbands and Wives program a couple of years ago? She's a dramatic actress now, playing the villainess, Mrs. Waite, in the new CBS serial, The Life and Love of Dr. Susan.

* * *

Tommy Dorsey nosed Benny Goodman out by a small margin in a swing popularity poll conducted by station WHAT in Philadelphia. The score was Dorsey, 292,474 votes; Goodman, 274,442; and Artie Shaw, 99,402.

* * *

There's a story behind the appearance of a recent guest star on Dr. William L. Stidger's Getting the Most Out of Life program on NBC. Years ago, when Stidger was a pastor in a mid-western city, he was awakened one night by furious pounding on his front door. He investigated, and found a drunken policeman on his doorstep. He invited the policeman inside, sobered him up a little, and got his story. He'd become involved in the graft which was flourishing in the police department at the time, and now he was trying to drown his conscience in liquor. Dr. Stidger talked to him and advised him to quit the police force entirely if he wanted to regain his self-respect. The policeman went away, and Stidger never heard from him again until recently. The policeman had heard Stidger on the air and lost no time in looking him up and thanking him. He's now an evangelist and religious singer, and agreed at once when Stidger asked him to go on his radio show.

* * *

Thanks to Lanny Ross, you may hear a swell and really unique program some time soon. It all started when Lanny celebrated his tenth anniversary on the air. He got to thinking that radio's "veterans" ought to get together and form a club, but instead of having an ordinary clubhouse, they'd have their meetings on the air. He invited a group of people to luncheon—Ben Bernie, Graham McNamee, Frank Munn, Phil Dewey, B. A. Rolfe, David Ross and Mark Warnow, all of them in radio ten years or longer—outlined his plan to them, and found everybody enthusiastic about it. Now the ball is rolling, and the "Ten Years in Radio Club"—that's the only name it has, so far, is planning to have about four meetings a year on a national network, at which members will reminisce about the good old days. And judging from some of the stories told at that first luncheon, listeners are in for some delightful and amusing tales.

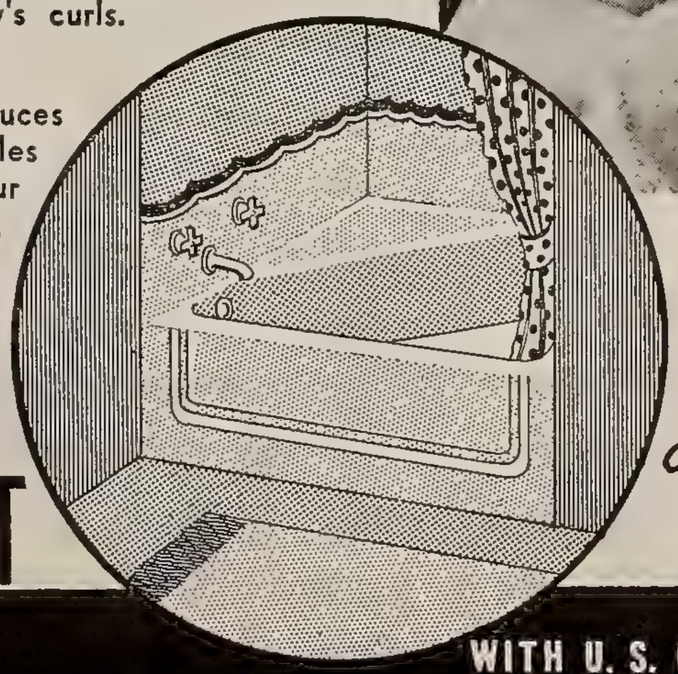
LOOK For the RING around the bathtub in your Hair

After a shampoo, if your hair is dull, dead or lifeless looking and tangles or snarls easily. **A horrifying thought**—but simply remember—**that the ring around the bath tub,** the wash bowl and the deposit on an unclean comb is soap scum, and that it forms and resists clear water rinsings, when soap or soap types of shampoo are used.

Remember—Hair acts as a filter when rinsed, and will collect more soap scum than the smooth sides of a tub or wash bowl, dimming its natural gloss and multi-colored highlights. Make this simple test, compare the ends of the hair to the hair close to the scalp. If three-fourths of its length is dull or lifeless looking, and tangles or snarls badly —**"the ring around the bath tub is in your hair".**

Clean hair isn't messy or stringy looking when disarranged—it is soft and fluffy—picture the lovely hair of a child. Simply remove the shampoo scum shroud—that forms in your hair during a shampoo, and your hair will be amazingly alive with millions of tiny, sparkling lights—and as soft and appealng as a baby's curls.

Two minutes of rinsing with the New GOLDEN GLINT produces this beautiful effect; and removes the cause for annoying tangles and snarls, leaving a hint of a tint in a shade best suited for your color type. The New GOLDEN GLINT is now in Six Shades, with an entirely new formula in a new brilliant retail package. It contains two and one-half times the value, at the same old price.



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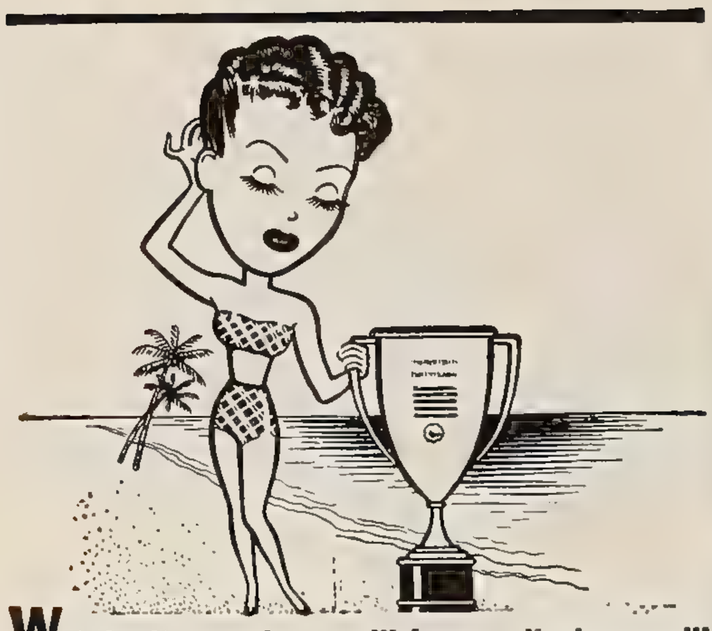

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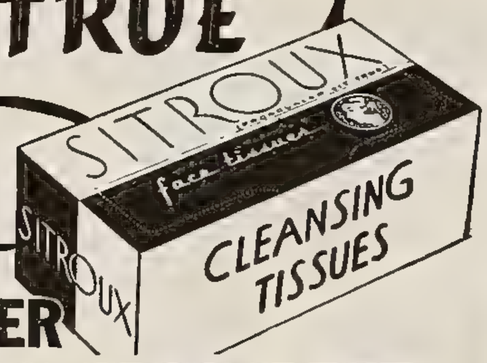

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MY LUCKY BREAK

No matter how talented a person is, his success depends on a "lucky break." That's the theme of a program which has already, after only a few broadcasts, provided four people with the lucky breaks they needed to start them on the road to fame.

The program is called My Lucky Break, and you can hear it every Sunday afternoon from 6:00 to 6:30, E.S.T., on the Mutual network. It's produced in the studios of WLW, Cincinnati, where many an original program idea has been born; and its conductor is Josef Cherniavsky.

My Lucky Break is divided into two parts. The first part of the show is a dramatization of the life of some successful entertainer, emphasizing the lucky chance that turned him from failure to success. Then, as a highlight of the broadcast, Cherniavsky conducts the WLW orchestra as it plays an unpublished song by an unknown composer. To the writer of the song goes a prize of $25, plus standard royalties in case the song is chosen for publication by some music house—but best of all, the writer gets his "lucky break."

Writers are sending Cherniavsky songs which have been returned, unopened, by music publishers. The WLW musical director looks carefully at them all. "Now," says the maestro, "music publishers are asking me for songs they refused to look at before. Many of the songs written by young unknowns today need but the name of a well-known composer to receive publication and success." Playing of the song over the WLW and Mutual network gives that song the value of a big name.

Cherniavsky is no less generous in honoring well-known entertainers than in providing "lucky breaks" for unknowns. It doesn't matter to him on what network an entertainer is starred. All that matters to him is that the person's climb to fame must have some incident in it that demonstrates the importance of a "lucky break."

The dramatized "lucky break" in the life of an established star, and the actual big chance given to aspiring song writers aren't the only ways the program lives up to its title, either. Josef Cherniavsky is himself a "lucky break" for any show. One of America's most versatile musicians, he has conducted famous symphonies and theater orchestras, has composed music for the movies and won renown as a cello soloist.

Josef Cherniavsky rehearses his WLW Symphony orchestra on the popular "My Lucky Break" program.

WOMEN IN YOUR 40's

Need Not Lose Charm!

Here's good advice for women from 38 to 52 who worry about those annoying symptoms which often attend this stage of life. Life can perhaps be even richer for you now than 20 ever dreamed—

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "woman's" tonic—take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up more physical resistance, thus helps calm jittery nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and gives more energy to enjoy life.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 212 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

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LEG SUFFERERS

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Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and functional kidney disorders may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. Help your kidneys purify your blood with **Cystex**. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids and this soon may make you feel like new again. Under the money-back guarantee **Cystex** must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get **Cystex** (siss-tex) today. It costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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OVER 100 STATIONS!

CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR NEAREST STATION AND EXACT TIME TO TUNE IN EACH OF THESE TRUE STORY PROGRAMS.

How to Catch a Husband

(*Continued from page* 15)

People ask my advice about troubles and doubts and human bewilderment of all kinds. And I have built up a fund of experience, facts and resources which, I hope has been of real value to my clients.

VALLEE: Most of your clients do, however, seek advice on problems of the heart.

MISS FAIRFAX: Most of them, yes. Problems of the heart, Mr. Vallee, seem to be fairly universal.

VALLEE: Don't they, though! What question, would you say, is most frequently asked?

MISS FAIRFAX: That's easy. Question Number One is: "How Can I Get My Man to the Altar?"

VALLEE: And your answer?

MISS FAIRFAX: Perhaps that question can better be answered by pointing out what one should *not* do. First, girls: Don't be a cat! Don't say nasty and censorious things about other girls. Especially if these girls have *strictly honorable intentions* toward the young man you are catting to. Remember, nothing arouses chivalry, a sense of protection, like saying mean things about another girl. And above all—don't pursue your man openly. A hunted creature is a desperate creature. He will turn down any avenue of escape.

VALLEE: Good for him!

MISS FAIRFAX: Never mind. To continue, girls: Don't tell the boy friend your troubles. Look sympathetic and let him tell you *his*. He'll eat it up. Don't invite him to an untidy house or apartment. He'll see himself in such surroundings. Don't give him messy meals. Don't dance badly—nothing is so mortifying as to be loaded up with a girl on whom there will be no cut-ins. Don't dress shabbily or in an eccentric manner that will attract attention when you go out with him. Men are more conservative than women. They hate to attract unflattering attention. And don't be stupid. At least know what is going on in the world about you, read the papers. The day of the Dumb Dora is passing.

VALLEE: Not on Broadway, Miss Fairfax. However . . . let's suppose I am a young girl of eighteen. . . .

MISS FAIRFAX: Difficult but possible. Go ahead.

VALLEE: Well, I have observed all the "don'ts" you suggest, but still . . . doggone it! . . . my dream prince is drifting. *Should I propose?*

MISS FAIRFAX: Certainly! Women have been proposing ever since time began. But it's a wise man who recognizes the preambles to a proposal. You are convinced she listens to you in that flattering way because *you are interesting*. That she applauds your bridge, your golf, even your neckties and the angle at which you wear your hat—because you do these things supremely well. There's no mistaking the way she looks at you, it's the real thing. And the way she turns out trick dishes on the electric gadgets—she's a swell little cook—good housekeeper, and so on. These, my dear sir, are some of the ways nature has taught her to propose. And get down on your knees and thank your lucky stars for it—because, Mr. Vallee there is nothing quite so forlorn and lonesome as an unattached old bachelor. Now is there?

VALLEE: I . . . *wonder*. Suppose, Miss Fairfax, that our predatory female has pounced on her prey and dragged him off to the altar, kicking and screaming. What does she want to know next?

MISS FAIRFAX: How to keep him, of course.

VALLEE: How is that done? What would you say is the zero hour?

MISS FAIRFAX: Breakfast, of course. Even to a water addict, there's a good deal of a hangover about facing a new day. Yesterday's brush with the boss—the big order you didn't get, the deal that hung fire. These loom bigger and blacker, if there's a frowsy kimono opposite, and traces of cold cream on the lady-wife's face. Better an attractive negligee, or house dress, at breakfast to gladden the eyes of your husband, girls, than a glamorous party frock to incite another woman's envy. Send him out with a good breakfast.

VALLEE: And there, Miss Fairfax, I find myself in complete agreement with you. May I ask your advice on a certain matter?

MISS FAIRFAX: Mr. Vallee—with your looks, with your position, with your opportunities—

VALLEE: Yes?

MISS FAIRFAX: You don't need my advice. So long now—and remember what I said about bachelors.

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TUNE IN: Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

BEAUTY SECRET

OF SOME OF NEW YORK'S LOVELIEST MODELS

Models who must daily face truth revealing cameras are far too smart to ever let constipation result in dull eyes, headaches and the aggravation of blemished skin.

They consider it wise *not to let the second day pass* and how smart they are to rely on a *purely vegetable* laxative like Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating his patients for constipation.

Olive Tablets are harmless—they contain no harsh drugs. They ALSO (important) help stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods. Test Olive Tablets TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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An M.D. Doctor's prescription makes your skin beautiful by solving your skin problems. MONEY REFUNDED if those adolescent purplish pits and distressing skin ailments do not go, revealing a clear white skin free from surface blemishes, pimples, blackheads or muddiness. Keeps dry skin moist! PLEASE put KREMOLA and Our Word to the test. A CLEAR-UP—NOT A COVER-UP. $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct to KREMOLA, Dept. M-1, 2975 S. Michigan, Chicago. *Send for FREE SAMPLE.*

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Guaranteed Brand New latest REMINGTON CADET model only $19.95 during this sensational sale. Also Royal, Corona and famous Featherweight Portables at real money-saving prices. Also standard full size office models rebuilt and fully guaranteed at ½ saving.

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.

Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station Dept. M-40, Detroit, Mich.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 40)

important commercial series, supplanting one of the current big-name bands.

Just recently Paul Whiteman named four of the Crosby crew as members of his "All American" swing band. This coming of age for a band that had a desperate struggle to attain recognition was climaxed with a handsome Decca Record Album, containing the band's swing masterpieces, and a triumphant fortnight at New York's Paramount theater.

None of these amazing developments would have materialized if five young musicians, their jaws set, hadn't decided to try once more to make America listen to their strange music—the music they discovered on New Orleans riverfronts. How they offered Bob Crosby the chance to join them one night in a smoke-filled New York hotel room, is one of bandom's strangest stories.

"YOU fit with us like ham and eggs," said drummer Ray Bauduc joyfully.

The boys were lucky at that. If one Bob Crosby of Spokane, Washington, hadn't the courage to turn his broad back to the taunts of wiseacres who said he was trading on his famous brother's reputation, those musical musketeers would have returned, a hang-dog lot, to Louisiana.

Bob Crosby always had music on his mind. The youngest of a family of seven children—five boys and two girls—he never finished his musical appreciation course at Gonzaga University, because he devoted too much time to extra-curricular activities. During class hours, Bob would haunt a local Walkathon contest and sing there "for free." As the footsore contestants dragged their way around the arena, the Crosby croon could usually be heard above the jeers of Walkathon customers.

Pretty soon Bob crashed a couple of radio amateur programs, boosted his stock in the Crosby household when he managed to get a few professional engagements and received for his labors, what Bob calls a "quick five." That's five dollars to you and you.

Imagine the kid's surprise when Anson Weeks spotted him and gave the young Crosby $100 a week as his vocalist. That was big dough to Bing's kid brother. He spent most of it eating roast leg of lamb, swimming in gravy, at the swank Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco where the Weeks orchestra played.

The Crosbys were always a clannish crowd. They stick together like the verse and chorus of a popular song. Big Brother Bing and business-minded Everett were secretly proud of Bob's efforts but kidded him mercilessly.

When Bing told the eighteen-year-old Bob that he would not allow him to accept a London engagement because he thought the boy too young, Bob squelched his disappointment and lit out for Broadway. Bob always took Bing's advice, has never regretted it.

It was while Bob was singing with the Dorsey Brothers' orchestra that the change in his career happened.

Our five musicians in search of a leader were tipped off that the up-and-coming relative of Bing was their man.

Many Never SUSPECT Cause of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PSORIASIS That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years thinking their trouble to be ECZEMA and treating without results. Send for this VALUABLE INFORMATION at once. Free

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.

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OFFICIAL GUIDE BOOK NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

25c AT ALL NEWS STANDS 25c

The rendezvous for the meeting was the Hotel Astor. Gil Rodin, a slim, quietly-dressed man who looks more like a lawyer than a saxophonist, did the talking. Gil still does the talking for the Crosby gang. All the boys including leader Bob call Gil "Pops." He's father confessor to the whole gang of horn tooters and they love him.

These men had left Ben Polack's orchestra on the west coast. It seemed like they were always leaving somebody's band. To them every job was Dead End. Something had to be done. They figured the last resort was to organize their own band and play the music they loved. The men called it "Dixieland." Aware of their own limitations as baton-wavers, the musicians knew of Bob's voice and contagious personality. Gil told Bob he was singing the free-and-easy Dixieland style and didn't know it!

AS Rodin spoke, the other men, Ray Bauduc, the "Noo Ohlins" drummer with the wild eyes, saxophonist Eddie Miller, he of the nonchalant manner and southern accent, smilin' Matty Matlock, inseparable side-kick of Miller, and the outfit's arranger, and guitarist Nappy Lamare, another "Noo Ohlins" product, stayed sheepishly in the background. They let "Pops" do the talking.

Bob Crosby didn't need much of a sales-talk. Who could resist such an offer? This would be his own band, playing the kind of music he didn't know too much about but just couldn't resist. Even the Bing would approve.

With the blessings of one of the big band management bureaus, "Bob Crosby and his orchestra" went into action. They broke in at Roseland on Broadway, sweated and swore in a hundred and one barns and ballrooms in the cotton belt one-night stand circuit.

Like all new innovations it took time to attract attention. Didn't they yell "gittahorse" at daring motorists? Hadn't they poo-pooed Lindbergh?

The boys laughed at their critics. The little Dixieland cult knew they were playing real swing, without frills. To the jibes of trading on Bing's reputation, Bob turned deaf ears. He was too overjoyed, leading this happy-go-lucky gang, to pay any attention to them.

No band ever attacked its work with such vigor. I think I know the reason. No one was top man. It became a cooperative organization with sage-like Gil Rodin installed as president. The band grew to fourteen pieces. However, only seven participate in the cooperative setup. Each man gets a salary. Profits are salted away. Once in a while, on the heels of a lucrative engagement, Rodin gives his partners handsome dividend checks. This sounds like big business, but to these sincere swingsters it meant complete freedom.

Nine of the fourteen men are married. Bob is married to socialite June Kuhn. In Chicago most of the wives spend daytime hours with their husbands, have dinner between dance sets at the Blackhawk. The married folk rent apartments. The single fellows shift for themselves, still upholding their "freedom" policy.

That the Crosby band is riding straight to the top is no idle observation. The Dixieland style has finally caught on. It is more relaxed jazz. It has sincerity and purpose. The reason you don't hear Dixieland style emulated by other bands is obvious. To play this style bandleaders must turn the spotlight on the musicians in the band. Much solo work is needed. And there are too many maestros who selfishly hog the spotlight.

The Bobcats know in their hearts that recognition has finally come their way. Only leader Bob wasn't sure. He seemed to be waiting for one more piece of evidence.

It came when the band opened at the Paramount in January. Bob scanned nervously through a stack of telegrams until he found the one from Big Brother Bing.

"And you know what?" he said like a schoolboy just told he's been promoted, "Bing was dead serious!"

Now the band was really on the crest of a musical wave.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Swing

They Say; I Go For That (vocalion 4548), Mildred Bailey—Slow-moving tempos romantically warbled by the Rockin' Chair lady who is now on her own again.

Bye-Lo Bye Lullaby; Jaywalk (Bluebird B10104A), Freddy Martin—Freddy waxes his beautiful theme and it's about time. The Martin saxophone is a joy to hear.

Sweet Little Headache; Joobalai (Decca 2200A), Bing Crosby—Two luscious hits from Bing's current picture, "Paris Honeymoon" that stand out like Fibber McGee's fabrications.

(*Continued on page* 91)

HOW ATTRACTIVE ARE *You* ON THE BEACH?

Posed by professional models

SKINNY? HERE'S HOW THOUSANDS GAIN NATURALLY ALLURING CURVES

THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE OFTEN GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS., NEW HEALTH, PEP—*QUICK*

HERE'S the best news ever told for thousands of skinny, tired, washed-out men and women who are almost ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit—people who can hardly eat, sleep or work—people who are so nervous and cranky they've almost lost all friends.

Now they can easily gain naturally attractive pounds, new health, pep and popularity often in just a few weeks—by simply taking these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

And it's easy to understand. Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin, rundown and nervous simply because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you can get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And the improvement they make in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands have gained 10 to 25 pounds of naturally good-looking flesh in just a few weeks. Their tired feeling and nervousness seem to have just flown away. They're full of pep, look like new persons, and are more popular and happy in every way.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have longed for, the price of this first package will be promptly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not one of the cheap, inferior substitutes often offered which do not give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package — or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. Paper gives time and station.

GIVE YOUR FACE A SPRING CLEANING

You too can have Hildegarde's allure by learning a simple beauty aid.

By JOYCE ANDERSON

Make your complexion look as fresh as your new season's costume

HAVE you been taking a close look at your face these days and noticing how dry it looks; how those wrinkles around your eyes seem to show up more; how unevenly the powder goes on? And have you felt that drawn feeling? Sure you have. In fact, most of us have, who have not been doing something about it! The winter winds have played havoc with our skins and dried up all its natural oils. The sudden temperature changes and our dry, steam-heated homes are to blame! The skin needs lubrication to retain its vitality and softness, and without it, your skin becomes flaky.

You must correct this condition, especially if you want to look your best in your new spring frock and up-to-the-minute hat.

It's really not a difficult problem to overcome. Manufacturers have studied the situation for years and have discovered the use of nourishing creams—creams that you can buy for a nominal amount—that you can use at home and replenish the oil cells of your skin so that it will have the lubrication that it needs. It's the foundation for a smooth, glowing and attractive make-up.

Hildegarde, personality singer on the CBS show called, "Raymond Paige, 99 Men and a Girl," heard Wednesday nights at 10 p.m. EST, knows the importance of keeping her skin in good condition so that her make-up always looks fresh.

"I use one of the many advertised brands of nourishing creams. It softens, smooths and relaxes the taut muscles of my face, especially after a hard day's work at rehearsing.

"But, first of all," Hildegarde said, "I remove all my make-up with a liquid cleansing cream. I simply smooth it on, allow it to remain for several minutes, and then whisk it off with soft tissues. Next, I pat the nourishing cream briskly into my skin with my finger tips, but very gently around the eyes, and I leave this on about ten minutes."

The eyes are very important. Here, fine lines first begin to show; your skin's own softening oils may have begun to decrease because of an overabundance of the two extremes—either too much heat or too much cold.

If your skin feels drawn, it is dry, so leave some of the nourishing cream on over night.

"Never rub the skin," warns Hildegarde. "Hard rubbing over-stimulates the oil glands, sometimes causing a shiny nose. At least, that's what happens to mine."

Keep this treatment up for a full week and the next time you set your best hat upon your head and take a good look in the mirror, you'll notice that that Easter bonnet you bought doesn't look as funny as you thought it did when you first brought it home.

That Final Touch

A WELL-GROOMED woman doesn't want to strike one false note in her make-up. And yet, how many of us do? We often slip up on our eyebrows. To have the rest of your face perfect and the eyebrows shaggy and irregular is like wearing a shabby coat with a smart new hat. Get the habit of brushing your eyebrows as often as possible, and do not have them tweezed down to a thin line. That is no longer good taste. Just pluck the stray hairs to clean the brows up so they look even and arched. If your brows grow together over the nose, pluck them out, but don't pluck the brows narrower than they grow.

The eyebrow pencil is important. It gives a more definite shape to the eyebrow and a sheen, which makes a better frame for your eyes. If you're a blonde or a redhead, use a brown eyebrow pencil; if you're a brunette, use the black pencil. Remember, it takes very little time and gives that finished touch to your make-up.

(*Continued from page* 89)
A handsome package when combined with Bing's other platter **"I Have Eyes"** and **"Funny Old Hills"** (Decca 2201A), from the same picture.

Deep Purple; Romance Runs in the Family (Brunswick 8301), Kay Kyser—Sympathetic treatment of one of the nicest 1939 ballads. Kyser gymnastics decorate the reverse side.

Among Those Sailing; Mexicali Rose (Victor 26136A), Sammy Kaye—Typical exhibition of the fetching swing and sway title. Is there anyone left that hasn't heard it?

Some Like It Sweet
Cheatin' on Me; 'Taint What You Do (Vocalion 4582), Jimmy Lunceford—Sly swing by one of its indigo interpreters.

A Study in Green; Please Come Out of Your Dream (Victor 26137B), Larry Clinton—Another composition from the Dipsy Doodle man undergoes lavish instrumentation. Less lively is the reverse but Bea Wain is at the mike for another Grade-A lesson in modern vocalizing.

Hawaiian War Chant; Midnight on the Trail (Victor 26126B), Tommy Dorsey—It may mean Pa-hu-wa-hu-wai to natives of Honolulu but to rug-cutters it's another excuse to cut capers to the trombone virtuoso and his great band.

Jungle Drums; It Had to Be You (Bluebird B1009A), Art Shaw—Savage syncopation with a drum beat you won't forget so easily. Shaw has toned down considerably and even the most extreme swingster is pleased.

Hold Tight; Billy Boy (Decca 2214A), Andrew Sisters—The smartest harmony work since these same girls disked "Sha-Sha." Easy on the ears and smart accompaniment by Jimmy Dorsey. My vote for the swing platter of the month.

I Know That You Know; I Cried For You (Victor 26139A), Benny Goodman Trio and Quintet—Two old ones revived by the king of swing with the latter piece, written by Abe Lyman, developing into a best seller all over again.

Down Home Rag; Where Has My Little Dog Gone? (Decca 2262B), Will Osborne—The slide trumpets have their day on wax. Light and cheerful.

Ken Alden,
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New York City.

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(Each month Ken Alden will write a feature piece on "the band of the month" telling all you want to know about the favorite maestros. Your vote will help determine his selection.)

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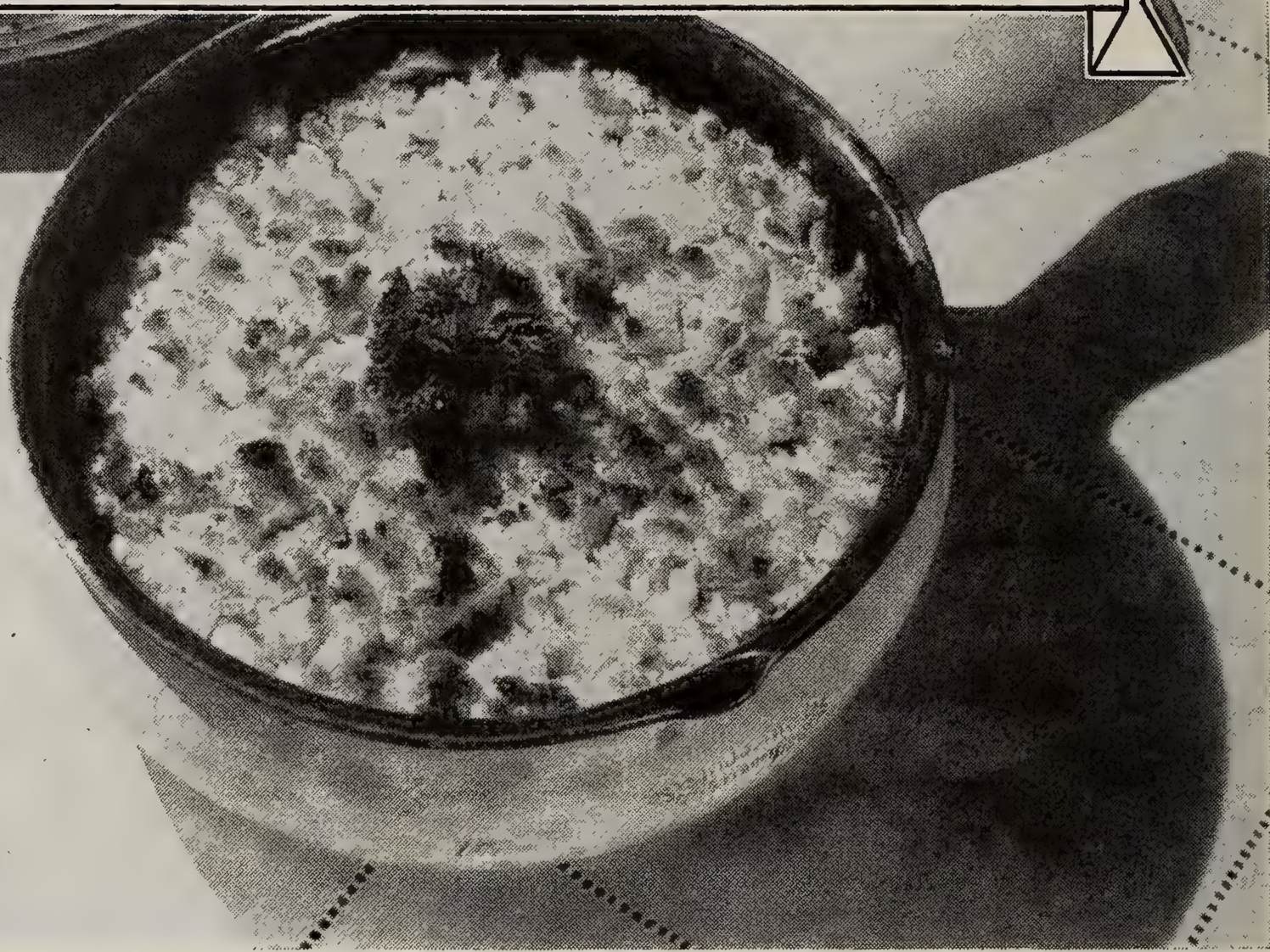
A MEAL in ONE DISH

"It's tops with me," says Morton Downey of this Baked Spaghetti with Oysters.



It's easily prepared, appetizing, nourishing. What more could you ask?

By Mrs. Margaret Simpson

FOR nourishing, appetizing, quickly prepared meals you just can't beat that perennial favorite, canned spaghetti. As the extra dish when unexpected guests necessitate "stretching" the dinner you have already planned, it has no equal, for whether you serve it—piping hot, of course—as it comes from the can, rich with subtly-flavored tomato sauce, or *en casserole* topped with delicately browned grated cheese it is simply delicious. But what really rouses me to the cheering point is the endless variety of ways it may be served as a main course, with the rest of the meal built around it.

Two excellent spaghetti dinner recipes I owe to Morton Downey, the world-renowned tenor who is being heard currently on NBC's Pall Mall broadcast every week. The Downeys (Mrs. Downey was Barbara Bennett, sister of Hollywood's Constance and Joan Bennett) are famous for the hospitality of their Greenwich, Connecticut, home, so you may know that their preference of any dish means it is really tops—and that's just the rating Morton gives to baked spaghetti with oysters and spaghetti with meat balls.

Baked Spaghetti with Oysters

1 can spaghetti
1 dozen raw oysters
½ tsp, garlic salt
Dash cayenne pepper
3 tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Drain the oysters and chop them fine, and add, with the garlic salt and cayenne pepper, to the spaghetti. Transfer the mixture to a buttered casserole, sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and bake in a medium oven (350 degrees F.) for thirty minutes. Before serving, place a bouquet of parsley in the center, as shown in the photograph.

Spaghetti with Meat Balls

1 can spaghetti
1 medium onion, minced
2 tbls. butter
1 lb. chopped beef
1 tbl. chili sauce ¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 tsps. salt Pepper to taste

Heat canned spaghetti. Cook onions in butter until tender and golden-brown (about three minutes). Mix cooked onions, salt, pepper, nutmeg and chili sauce with the chopped beef and form into small balls. Place heated spaghetti in buttered casserole, arrange meat balls on the top and bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) until meat is well browned.

FOOD PROGRESS

The wise housewife is the one who cashes in on the great number of eye and ear impressions of modern living around her . . . She is the one who knows that every grocer is dedicating himself to bringing to his clients the most up-to-date food products and food information obtainable today . . . For this reason the news that the grocers of America have banded together to stage a Parade of Progress week is of supreme importance to every housewife in the country . . . During this week of April 6th to 12th visit your local grocer . . . Talk with him, learn about all the new developments that make it possible for you to have the best quality foods at all times at the most economical prices . . . Make the Grocers' Parade of Progress your own Parade of Progress. . . .

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY

Add Zest to Your Salads

THE more we learn about the importance of milk as an essential food not only as a beverage but as an ingredient in all sorts of recipes, the more grateful we are for the producers of evaporated and sweetened condensed milk. But these valuable milk products have long since passed the stage when they were used principally as substitutes for fresh milk. Their excellent flavor and their rich, creamy consistency, as much as their convenience, are responsible for their popularity, and we find that skillful cooks everywhere, whose reputations depend upon the superior qualities of the dishes they create, are originating new recipes based on sweetened condensed and evaporated milk.

For instance, you may never have thought of milk in connection with salad but here is one salad dressing that will give zest to any salad course. Cream salad mustard dressing is excellent with meat, fish or cooked vegetable salads, or the tangy greens such as escarolle, chicory or dandelions.

Cream Salad Mustard Dressing

4 tbls. cream salad mustard
2 tbls. evaporated milk
2 tbls. sugar
2 tbls. vinegar ¼ tsp. salt

Place ingredients all together in a bowl and beat until light and fluffy.

Out of the Fog

(*Continued from page* 22)

I know where I am."

"I hope you know." That know-it-all attitude again.

"Now please," he begged, "be nice. For the last two hours you've been a new woman."

Before she could answer another fog horn sounded somewhere to port. Quickly Steve rang Mac for dead slow. The fog. horn blatted again, nearer this time.

Suddenly Jane saw a huge shadow, bearing down on them. "Steve!" she screamed. "He's going to hit our tow!"

"Ye gods!" Steve said between clenched teeth, sawing frantically on the cord that set the tug's horn blowing. Beneath her feet Jane felt the tug's motor cough and die. Mysteriously, they were drifting.

Then two short blasts of the other boat's whistle proved that it had seen them. It veered off, slid past them, so close Jane could almost touch it.

"Phew!" sighed Steve in relief.

"Steve—that looked like a ferry."

"Nonsense—it was a river boat. Okay, ring for the engines again."

BUT the engine room didn't answer, and a few seconds later Mac poked his head in at the window. "Sorry, skippers," he said, addressing both of them. "Fuel nozzles are fouled. I'll have to jerk 'em and clean 'em before we can start again."

"Blazes!" Steve said. "Well, hurry up. We can't afford to drift around here with that tow behind us."

"Yes," Jane seconded him. "We don't want to lose a six hundred dollar job."

Mac goggled at them. "Six hun—Say, what's in that tow? They don't pay that kind of dough for haulin' beans."

"You clean those fuel nozzles," Steve ordered him. "I'll worry about the tow."

"Steve Colman!" Jane demanded. "I thought there was something fishy about that price. Just *what* are we towing?"

"All right," he capitulated. "I'll tell you—on that scow we've got two thousand cases of forty per cent dynamite!"

"Great Jehosaphat!" said Mac.

"Now," Steve added, "will you get to work before we drift into something?"

But Mac didn't go directly below. He stood there, his face intent. "Listen," he said. "I hear surf."

In the sudden silence, Jane could hear the breakers, pounding and rolling on the shore.

"We're goin' ashore!"

"Quick!" Jane cried. "Cut the tow loose!"

"And let it drift around the bay all by itself? No sir— Mac, let go the anchor."

Mac lost no time in obeying, and the rattle of the chain told them that, at least, they would drift no farther. But they had already drifted far enough to be able to see the dim outlines of land—land like cliffs, a fortress, a prison—

"Holy Smoke," Mac said, "that's Alcatraz!"

So it had been the wrong bridge—they *had* been headed for the Golden Gate all the time. In spite of her fear, Jane was forced to laugh at Steve's befuddled expression.

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"But I thought—" he mumbled.

"Skipper," Mac warned, "you better do more than think! When a boat comes too close to Alcatraz, 'specially in a thick fog like this, *they* don't think. They shoot!"

Mac was right. They started shooting, just then A bullet whizzed past the pilot house, as Mac ducked down.

Steve stood quietly plucking at his under lip. "If the anchor wasn't down," he murmured, "we'd drift away from the island—the tide's running that way. But it *is* down, and there's no power to lift it until Mac gets those nozzles fixed. . . ."

Another bullet whined its bad-tempered way overhead.

"He's not really shooting *at* us," Jane said hopefully. "He just wants to scare us away."

"Maybe so—but a ricocheting bullet might accidentally hit the tow, with practically the same results," Steve reminded her.

The next moment he had flung open the door of the pilot house, and she heard the clank of metal on metal, followed by a splash.

WE'RE minus an anchor," he said. "I knocked a pin out of a link. So now we're drifting."

"But suppose somebody . . ."

"Runs into us? Exactly." He began to whistle a cheerful little tune.

"Steve!" Jane cried angrily. "Will you be serious?"

"Why? This may be my last hour on earth. Let me enjoy it."

"Don't talk like that!"

All at once, he sobered. "Look, Jane. If we get out of this mess—which I doubt—but if we do, won't you stay ashore? This work is too tough for a woman."

"No!" she said sharply. "I'm not staying ashore—and we're going to haul grain up the river!"

"You're the most stubborn woman I've ever—"

At that moment, without any warning, the tug jerked sharply. They looked back. Another tug had slipped between them and the scow they were towing, neatly cutting the line. It hung limply, now, over the stern—and the scow was just disappearing into the fog, adrift, a menace to every craft in the bay.

Steve and Jane looked at each other in horror. Then, with one bound, Steve was on the deck, running to the stern, with Jane after him.

"Only one thing to do, he said as he ran. "Go after that scow." He threw one leg over the rail. "Hand me that line," he snapped.

"Steve—don't—please," cried Jane, clutching desperately at his arm.

"Why not?"

Jane gulped. This was hard to say. "Because—well, for me!"

"I'd do practically anything in the world for you, Jane, except this. Toss the line in after me."

Then he was gone. Quickly Jane caught up an end of the rope and threw it to him, saw him grasp it and start swimming, watched him until her eyes ached. She turned away—and saw the end of the rope just disappearing over the rail.

"Steve!" she screamed. "Come back! The rope's too short!"

But the fog muffled her words.

Two hours later Jane and Mac hung over the rail, straining ears and eyes into the thick mist.

"He couldn't swim this long," Mac said gloomily. "He was nuts to try a thing like that."

"It was the bravest thing I ever saw a man do," Jane insisted, choking.

There was a dull thud against the side of the tug. "What's that?" Jane asked.

"Log, probably," Mac said.

But the next instant Steve's head appeared above the rail.

Relief and joy held Jane's heart still. The sight of that red head was like a reprieve.

"Oh, Steve," was all she could say.

Steve climbed briskly to the deck, made fast a line he held in his hand. Then he turned to her ferociously.

"Now, Miss Innocence," he demanded, "just what are you going to do next? I've been sitting on two thousand cases of dynamite, trying to outshout that blamed fog horn, praying someone wouldn't run into me! Nice of you to keep that horn going and drown out my voice!"

"But we thought it would help you to locate us!"

"Yes, you did! It's a good thing there was a skiff on that barge, or your little scheme *would* have worked!"

"Steve! What scheme?"

His voice was grim. "Attempted murder, that's all. I suppose you thought it was a good way to get rid of me, giving me that short line!"

"You can't believe I did that on purpose!"

"Why not? You had nothing to lose. No witnesses—it was a perfect set-up. And then you'd be full owner of the boat."

"You—you inhuman monster!" she gasped.

"Go ahead. Call me whatever you like—anything you say will be orchids compared to what you tried to *do!*

"I—I—" Jane began to cry.

"Don't worry," he said. "I won't tell anybody."

"Oh—Steve darling—I—"

He said quickly, "Steve *what?*"

STEVE, *darling*. I've just spent two of the most horrible hours of my life—hoping, praying, that somehow you were safe—I've lived a century, believing that the one real thing in my life had come and gone—"

"No kidding, Jane?" he asked.

"N-n-no kidding."

"All right," he said with a satisfied chuckle. "You're forgiven."

"I'm— Then you *didn't* believe—"

"It was pretty crude," Steve admitted happily, "but I had to find some way of breaking that ice crust of yours."

"I'd—like—to—slap—you!"

"Go ahead," Steve advised. "I don't mind—now that you've said you love me."

"I never said anything of the sort!"

"Oh, didn't you? I must have misunderstood. In that case I'll jump back into the bay."

He was half over the rail before she caught him. "Come back, you idiot!" she said, half laughing, half crying. "The Masters-Colman company needs both its owners."

"And that's another thing that's got to be changed," Steve announced, coming back to the deck. "I don't like that name."

"No?" Jane asked suspiciously.

"It's too long. Starting tomorrow, let's use just one name."

"What?"

"The Colman Company."

It was the first time Jane had ever been kissed by a man who was dripping wet with salt water.

The End.

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